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TWO MESSAGES.

PULSES beat more quickly, the joy of battle lights up manly faces, and it is a dramatic moment, when the vessel chased as a merchantman opens hatches for her devilish crew to swarm on deck, drops the seeming stripe and discloses shotted guns, and runs up the black flag. Free booter and free trader have much in common. There has been enough of piratical concealment, enough of false pretence. With joy men see that President Cleveland, brave as men often are who do not comprehend what they are doing, strips off Democratic disguises, loads his annual message with free trade theories and propositions of startling breadth and meaning, and compels his party to fight against protection or to seek another candidate.

Like lightning the answer comes from Paris. The President's thought that internal war taxes should be continued, in order to deprive home industry of that measure of defense which a tariff only for revenue would naturally give, is exposed without mercy. His abandonment of coast defense, in order to make the reduction of duties greater, and thus to make the blow fall more heavily on industry, is contrasted with Mr. Tilden's eloquent letter. His proposal to open free of charge the greatest and most profitable market in the world to foreigners, who are to bear no part of the cost of maintaining free institutions here, his bigoted prejudice

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against American manufacturers and their workingmen, his desire to take away the scanty profit of American wool growers, whose blundering trust in Democratic promises made his election possible, meet a rebuke at the hands of Mr. Blaine which gladdens the hearts of true Americans. Never has hurled spear been more deftly caught, or sent back with more startling swiftness and surer aim. The land laughs with applause. Thousands who "could not vote for Mr. Blaine" in 1884 wish they had not then mistaken sham for real reform, the babble of slanderers for "proofs of Holy writ," or their own inflamed vanity for tenderness of conscience. So apt and conclusive is the reply, so strong and impressive the defense of American interests, that the Republican party seems in some danger of supposing its work all done, its foes dispersed by a single shot, and its victory already secured.

The question now is whether the Republican party is fit to govern. The first and largest part of the work of self government is to convince and educate. In the long run, no party can live by man worship. The men who banished Aristides, because they were tired of hearing him called "The Just," have their lineal descendants. Leaders who truly lead in the primary task of educating and convincing, will be heard and followed though their words come 3,000 miles under water; but no one man, however great, can do all the working and the teaching, and especially all the being brave and faithful, for a great national party. Republicans have the opportunity for which they have prayed twenty years. The question is whether they have waited so long, and left economic weapons to rust so far, and accustomed themselves to rely upon other agencies so completely, that they are not equal to the opportunity now that it has come. Have members who have counted upon adroit use of Democratic divisions, and shrewd management of appropriations, and offices, and local issues, men who have coquetted with free trade theories or with importers' interests, men who have made silver or land or railroads their hobby and sole support, enough of courage and fidelity to face the great issue, at some risk, in their own localities, to take upon themselves the unwonted labor of educating ignorance and conquering prejudice, to sink distracting local misconceptions in a resolute championship of protective principles, and to move forward in sure touch of the elbow with their comrades? It is for them to say, and to show.

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It is easy to underrate the force of the attack which President Cleveland leads. That attack has specious and plausible features. It courts the favor of woolen manufacturers who wish to use foreign wool, and of iron manufacturers who want to use the ores of Cuba, the steel ingots of England, and the wire rods of Germany. It fits with the free trade theories which Mr. George has been preaching to workingmen, and with the "tariff reform" conception which men have adopted whose only idea of wisdom is to be on neither side very much, and to meet every Irrepressible Conflict with a Peace Conference or a Compromise bill. Especially it kindles the enthusiasm of Southern politicians and planters, and opens the exhaustless money chests of foreign bankers, importers, and manufacturers' agents, whose help in a city where 15,000 votes were bought in November is not to be despised. Millions of money will be spent to prevent the defeat of the first American President to propose that Americans shall perpetually tax their pipes and their glasses in order to get their clothing from Germany, their ore from Cuba and Spain, and their steel rails from England. Millions of money can be defeated only by millions of well-informed and unpurchasable votes in the shops and on the farms. There are only ten months in which to educate the millions.

This attack cannot be met by shouting "free trade" as one cries "mad dog" in hot weather, with assured confidence that nobody will stop to inspect the dog until he is dead. Of the Americans who once knew well the sharp dividing line between free trade and protective policies, two-thirds sleep in the churchyards. Seven millions of emigrants since 1860 do not know why freedom, free speech, free land, and free trade should not go together. Six millions of colored persons, where they are permitted to vote at all, think only of protection as something they have always lacked. One generation has grown up in the belief that more money, or white money, or sound money, would cure all ills. Another generation has come upon the stage whose eyes never saw the dependent and industrially subjugated nation which tariff-for-revenue-only was meant to produce and did produce, and who imagine that 40,000,000 sheep, a woolen manufacture consuming 400,000,000 pounds of wool, mines yielding 10,000,000 tons of iron ore, and mills making more than a third of the steel in the world, are as natural and necessarily permanent parts of

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the nation's growth as its pine forests and its demagogues. Half a million organized Knights of Labor and Trades Unionists listen to leaders who, in order to persuade them to independent political action, affirm that Republican protection has done nothing for labor. Meanwhile, a considerable number of intelligent men, who know how protective tariffs have blessed the country, consider it their present duty to let the tariff be overthrown, while they reiterate at every election their conscientious conviction that alchohol is a curse.

Into this whirling maelstrom of misconception and ignorance, selfishness, knavery, and bribery, the Republican party must enter with a primer of political economy in hand, to teach one of the hardest of all lessons to learn—that patient sacrifice for the development and diversification of industry is the only way to gain cheap goods, the only way to create an adequate market for farm products, the only way to keep an intelligent and independent body of working people with fitness for self-government. Comprehending nothing of the meaning or merits of a protective system, the President openly appeals to selfish interests; but, if he fully understood, there is little reason to suppose that he would accept an altruistic policy. Clearly, he has learned in the school of Democrats "befo' de wah," to whom politics was a game of grab. The conception of a national policy for the uplifting, defense, and development of every citizen of the nation, the weakest even more than the strongest, was not theirs and is not his. Precisely because the Republican policy is grand, noble, and for the benefit of every citizen, it is least understood by those who need it most, just as the labors of sanitary teachers are most angrily opposed by those English tenants whose homes are the filthiest.

Discouraging? Yes, if it is forgotten that one with God is a majority. But the eternal years are His, and if men fail to do their part, and so to earn the victory of right, He can always wait. Whether Republicans will do their part, and in time to achieve a triumph for humanity and for justice, for those who are too ignorant even to vote for it themselves, for the unity, harmonious development, and industrial independence of the greatest nation on earth, rests with them. If they prove not yet fit to govern, the nation will have to learn by suffering what they might teach it, as it painfully learned the anti-slavery lesson which Whig politicians were afraid to utter.

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Thanks to the President, the issue against protection is made in the weakest way. In comprehension, as in courage, he resembles the school-boy. Dogmatic and positive where a competent free-trader would be most vague and cautious, he discharges obsolete and long-abandoned theories which resemble economic arms of precision no more than a Queen Anne blunderbuss resembles a modern Lebel rifle. He supposes, as theorists supposed half a century ago, that protected domestic products must be raised in cost to the full extent of the protecting duty; that cheap materials can be secured by relying on foreign supplies; that protected manufacturers are amassing vast profits, and protected workers are receiving wages much above the general level of wages; that only the persons engaged in any industry are helped in wages or in profits by its maintenance, and that most of the wool growers wear as much wool as they produce. No doubt the President himself and his friends will shrink from the translation of his crude phrases into economic language, but it will be the first duty of Republicans in Congress to show that he has betrayed a melancholy and hopeless ignorance.

The President reasons that the enhanced cost of woolen clothing to the small wool-growers, who are the great majority, and who have from 25 to 50 sheep each, exceeds the benefit they get from an increase in the price of wool, which he estimates at 10 to 12 cents per pound, the amount of duty, as a maximum, or 60 to 72 cents per sheep. If so, the small wool-grower must wear from 150 to 300 pounds of wool on his back. The fact is that the consumption for all purposes averages not 7 pounds *per capita*, and the difference in cost, if the price were enhanced to the full extent of the duty, would be less than 70 cents for each inhabitant, because much of the wool produced is of lower than the 10 cent grade. But the value of the products of all the various branches of the woolen manufacture in 1880, including woolen, worsted, mixed textile, felt, wool hat, carpet, and hosiery establishments, with the cost of all imported woolens and the duty thereon, was about $7 yearly for every inhabitant. The President's idea that goods costing $7 for each person have somehow been enhanced in cost $18 or $36 per person, by means of duties on wool which at the maximum could not increase its cost by 70 cents per person, is naturally pronounced exceedingly able and profound by Democratic statesmen, possibly because they cannot understand it.

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If one turns from works of fiction to facts, he finds that American fleece are actually worth in Boston five cents per pound more than English fleece are worth in London, so that, reckoning the cost of shipment from London to this country, the utmost difference which can possibly be attributed to the duty is less than half the duty. As it is less than thirty-five cents per person, on the quantity of wool consumed, or five cents on the dollar of woolen products consumed, the difficulty of attributing to this duty a vast enhancement on the cost of clothing increases. And finally, whoever compares the cost of woolen clothing here and in London, of the qualities used by the great majority of the consumers, discovers that the American are nearly, if not quite, as cheap as the English goods of equal durability and excellence, so that Mr. Cleveland's "tax which with relentless grasp is fastened upon the clothing of every man, woman, and child in the land," vanishes into nothing.

Indeed, both protectionists and the more intelligent free traders are perfectly aware that the President's supposition, that prices of protected products are as a rule enhanced to the full extent of the protective duties, is entirely untrue. New duties, when first imposed, may raise prices to their full extent, but almost immediately something changes; either foreign prices go down or domestic production puts down home prices, and in time the duty often comes to have no effect on prices whatever. The vulgar notion, which the President shares, would have been buried and crushed under a mountain of proofs long ago had Republicans done their duty. Yet the entire argument of the President is built on this single false assumption, abandoned years ago by every moderately informed free trader. His supporters, cruelly handicapped by his ignorance, will now have to explain how glassware came to be bought in Pittsburgh for Cunard steamers; how American bridge-builders secured the contract to put thousands of tons of American steel into an Australian bridge; how Pennsylvania rails went to Mexico, or New Jersey locomotives to Europe, or American mining machinery to British mines in South Africa, and by what miracle it comes to pass that American cottons are sold in Manchester and American cuttlery in Sheffield. Linked with these are the other fallacies, that foreign prices would be what they now are if American production were to cease, and that cheaper materials can be had by depending upon foreign supplies.

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In 1879 an increased demand for iron from this country, amounting to 550,000 tons, actually raised the prices of pig-iron in Great Britain 67 per cent., of bar iron 66 per cent., and of some other manufactured kinds 100 per cent., and yet Mr. Cleveland imagines that a demand five or ten times greater, consequent upon a removal of duties, would not lift the foreign price as much as the existing duty of 43 per cent. Similar examples by the hundred could be presented of sudden and fatal rise in the cost of materials, when this country has suffered itself to become dependent upon foreign supplies. He is no longer a free trader decently competent to engage in modern discussion, who assumes that home industry can flourish if dependent upon sources of supply within easy commercial control of foreign rivals.

Neither do competent men appeal any longer to vulgar prejudice by suggesting, as President Cleveland does, that protected manufacturers are dividing mountainous dividends, or that protected workers are getting unfairly large wages. There is no excuse for ignorance. Tables showing the dividends actually paid by a large number of the oldest and most successful cotton and woolen establishments are published, and even these have not averaged on the capital represented in the market price of their stocks as much as six per cent. in any year for the past five years. It would cost the President no trouble to ascertain that even now at least half the iron furnaces in the United States are earning nothing for capital, and that of the more fortunate, a great many owners would be glad, as Messrs. Hewitt and Cooper actually proposed to their men, to lease their works on the basis of six per cent. for the capital invested. It is not long since a free trade inquirer gloated over his discovery that protection was futile, because workers in protected industries averaged lower wages than hands in other employments, and he was much pained when it was shown that the difference was only that which would naturally arise from the employment of a larger number of women and children in some branches than in others.

It is not creditable to Mr. Cleveland that he seeks to set other farmers against the wool growers. It happens that wool is grown in every State, and excluding counties on the borders of civilization, which are but names without population, out of 2,400 counties in all the States, wool is grown in every county except 36, though there were also 37 others in 1880 where it was not grown

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to a substantial extent. Perhaps there is no other crop or product which so large a part of the people have a share in producing. But, that aside, the farmers should not need at this late day to learn that it means serfdom for them, direct and degrading competition with the ryot of India, if the nation fails to develop other industries to furnish a home market for its farm products, and especially for that variety of products which cannot be transported to distant points, but, when required by nearby manufacturing or mining consumers, returns the largest profit to the farmer. It is the development of manufactures and mining which has made the farm lands of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, 71,000,000 acres, worth $3,350,000,000, over $47.18 per acre, while the farm lands of Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Tennessee, 84,000,000 acres, are worth only $858,000,000, or $10.17 per acre. Knowing what protection does for them, farming counties in the North vote for it strongly. Knowing nothing about it, farming counties at the South imagine that it plunders them. And as water settles in low places, the notions of those who know least gravitate into the President's message.

To these shallow mistakes, the President adds one into which men of far greater information have fallen. If only 2,600,000 persons get wages in protected industries, he wonders how 15,000,000 others can be benefited. Any novice in trades unionism could tell him that where six men are at work and one is idle and looking for work, his competition will in turn depress the wages of all the rest, and they can better afford to pay for his living out of their own pockets than to have him used as a pile-driver to put down their wages. Put 2,000,000 more men into wheat raising, and what would wheat be worth? Put half of them into mechanics' trades or railroad work, and how long could wages in those occupations be maintained? With 50 men idle in a town, 500 are working at starvation wages. A contractor wants 100 men for a new job in that same town, and straightway every one of the 500 demands and gets better wages. That an intelligent people need to be told such rudimentary things may seem incredible to Republican Congressmen. But when the President, chosen by the intelligent people aforesaid, demonstrates in his annual message that he needs to be taught the same things, it is a solemn warning that primary schools cannot be neglected with safety.

The message will indeed serve well as a chart of the over-

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grown jungles and dense thickets of popular ignorance. It shows where the sunlight must be admitted without delay; what errors most need to be cleared away. The President makes it obvious that he did not mean to commit himself to extreme free trade notions, and he was doubtless amazed to find that British papers went wild with joy because his commitment was so absolute, so daring, and so unequivocal. He did not know the full meaning of the things he said. He had picked up the sophistries and the pet phrases of plantation Bourbons, who have learned nothing about modern industries since Robert J. Walker's time, and he put them into his message with a wadding of smooth words for labor. He "did not know it was loaded." With a little more knowledge he would not have indorsed his Secretary of the Treasury in recommending: "Add to the free list as many articles as possible. Reduce duties upon every dutiable article to the lowest point possible." As this is the only definite proposition, in a message and report otherwise singularly barren of practical suggestions though professedly aiming at reduction of revenue, and as all the ultra-free-trade theorizing points to the same end, or else is meaningless, it must be supposed that the President thought a lowering of partially protective duties would diminish customs receipts. Yet it is not a very recondite truth that any moderate reduction of a protecting duty must increase importations and consequently revenues. Either the President deliberately calls for an extreme and sweeping reduction of duties, as in terms the Secretary does, or he manifests an ignorance of the effect of tariff changes which is eminently in harmony with his party's proved incapacity to govern.

Less than $20,000,000 at the utmost can be taken from the revenue by putting on the free list all raw materials of industry, according to the annual report of the Bureau of Statistics just published, and in that report such advanced products as steel ingots are classed as crude materials. Reckoning no increase in revenue for the remaining seven months of the fiscal year, though the increase in the five months ending with November has been $11,200,000,—in itself a most extraordinary estimate for the financial Secretary of a great government,—Mr. Fairchild counts upon a surplus during the present year of $66,000,000. In order to take off $45,000,000 or $50,000,000 from the revenue, after all additions to the free list, and to take that sum from the revenues derived

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from duties on manufactured products, which yielded during the last fiscal year $82,291,859, what change would be requisite? Has the President or the Secretary the least idea how great a reduction in the rates of duty would be necessary to diminish the receipts by 55 to 60 per cent? Do they imagine that removal of half or two-thirds of the duties would have that effect? There is not a practical merchant or manufacturer who does not know that such a change would enormously increase importations—unless, indeed, immediate panic and prostration should deprive the people of consuming power—and that the lower rates on double or treble the present importations would yield a larger revenue than is now obtained. Every step in the reduction of rates from one per cent. to sixty per cent. would open the door to some additional articles or classes of articles of foreign make which would be imported to undersell and take the place of American products. Each little item becomes enormous when the consumption of a nation of sixty millions is to be supplied. It takes $17,000,000 yearly to provide the nation with the mere material for its tin cups, pans, and pails. With every reduction on articles we now produce, additional American factories, mills, or mines must close. Prostration andcollapse must come, sooner or later, but meanwhile importations and revenue must increase. If the reduction of duty be made large enough to secure a decrease of one-half in the revenue derived from manufactured imports, the road to prostration must be mercifully short.

President Cleveland has been told that cheap materials would enable home manufacturers to produce at so much less cost that they would not be undersold or forced to close by the reduction of duties on products. Of the dutiable articles classed by the Bureau of Statistics as crude materials, 60 per cent. in value last year were the following: Iron ore, pig, scrap, and steel ingots or bars, raw wool, rags, shoddy, and waste. Would either of these classes be cheaper if production here were no longer encouraged, and manufacturers were left to rely upon foreign sources of supply? At the outset, beyond a doubt. Already many mines in States nearer the seaboard than Pittsburgh have been abandoned, and others still farther inland have lately been placed in receivers' hands, because foreign imports have been large in spite of the present duty. There is not an intelligent iron worker who does not know that other mines in great number would be closed if

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the duty were removed. Would foreign ore be cheaper if the American demand should call for two or three times the present product of Bilbao or Cuba mines? Out of 585 iron furnaces, 232 are idle now; one Thomas furnace has just gone out of blast, while many others are working without profit for capital. When pig-iron was selling at $18 per ton, at the end of 1877, there were 427 furnaces standing idle. How many would close if iron free of duty should be offered here at $12.28 to $13.78 per ton, the present price, *ex duty*, of English and Scotch iron at New York? But when they had closed, and foreign makers were called upon to supply only the 4,000,000 tons now produced here, but not produced here in 1877, does anybody suppose the price abroad would not be rapidly and largely advanced? That quantity is more than the entire product of Germany, and more than half the production of Great Britain. With what ease foreign manufacturers could combine to engage the output of all available furnaces, and then to put up the price in order to close our manufactories of iron and steel, and force us to buy their manufactured products instead of their pig-iron. Against such a process this country would be entirely defenseless, for neither mills nor furnaces can afford to start operations without some assurance of continued demand at paying prices. Mr. Cleveland doubtless thinks these fears chimerical. Yet the mere utterance of his mistaken notions led one large producer the next day to sell steel rails at less than $32, and Bessemer iron at $18.50.

There are 44,759,000 sheep in the country. Three years ago there were over 50,626,000. No decline whatever in prices, but only a continuance of prices deemed too low, has caused this reduction of nearly 6,000,000, or 12 per cent. Against 302,000,000 pounds two years ago, the country produced in 1860, when Mr. Cleveland's party went out of power, not one-third as much, and the number of sheep had increased less than 800,000 in ten years under a revenue tariff, though even under that tariff there was a revenue of 24 per cent. on wool worth 20 cents per pound or over. Is there reason to believe that, with no duty whatever, the country would produce as much wool as it did then? Once slaughtered, 25,000,000 sheep would not be replaced without assurance of fair returns for wool. But how long would manufacturers get foreign wool at low prices if this country should need from abroad 200,000,000 pounds more than it now imports,

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a quantity greater than the entire production of Great Britain and Germany together? Certainly there is not a manufacturer who could not inform Mr. Cleveland that cheap material on that condition would prove exceedingly dear material. Nor would English and German manufacturers find it difficult to corner the supply, already controlled largely in London, and thus to force this country to buy woolens instead of wool.

The selfish policy is always short sighted. "He who finds his life shall lose it." While this nation defends all its industries, nobody caring less for the welfare and steady and sure employment and honest independence of the men and women who work than for the possible pennies that might be saved by buying from Australia or Bilbao, well-deserved prosperity blesses 12,000,000 American homes. When each man of the nation begins trying to get a little more money by leaving his neighbor without work, or bread, or honest manhood, then prosperity vanishes, and self-seeking brings its curse. It is a great and grand nation to-day because for a quarter of a century it has cared for men and women more than for dollars. The dollars have come because they have not been sought at the sacrifice of manhood. The nation has added more to its wealth during that period than any other nation is now worth. Its 60,000,000 of people add more to their wealth every year than the 120,000,000 of Germany, France, and England, and yet consume more in the satisfaction of human desires than any 120,000,000 inhabitants on the globe. These are the glorious fruits of a policy, wise because Christian, sagacious because not selfish, enriching because deliberately planned to secure for the weakest and the least fortunate his chance in life, his place in honest industry, and his self-respecting and independent manhood. Whoever strikes a blow at a system which has brought such grand results will belong in human history with the freebooters and buccaneers who blocked the path of civilization, who made self their aim, theft their industry, and crime their only heroism.

For nearly three years the freebooters of this century have been saying, "It was a lie that Democratic victory would endanger the nation's prosperity." Enter President Cleveland, to prove that it was true. In his message men may learn that the nation has not been prostrated in its industries and robbed of its prosperity, only because the President's party has not had the power. At every session of Congress it has tried to break down

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the defense of home industry, and has been defeated by a solid phalanx of Republican votes. Stronger for every proof that only its votes have saved the country from disaster, the Republican party now has the prestige of success in States enough to elect a President, with seventeen votes to spare. But it cannot afford to forget that its fidelity alone has made it strong. It cannot afford to neglect the task of confronting error with enlightened facts, and of educating the people to a policy both national and noble. If it falters or hesitates, if it flinches or forgets the nation's trust in a selfish scramble for place or local success, not the memory of Appomattox nor the genius of a matchless leader can save it.

A REPUBLICAN.

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JOHN BULL ABROAD.

I.—RESIDENT.

On the maps published in Great Britain you may notice large slices of the Earth's surface marked in red. These represent the British possessions. But there are a good many other British possessions which are not marked in red. Some of them are in France, where numbers of our most delightful and picturesque towns, such as Avranches, in Normandy; Dinan, Dinard, and St. Servan, in Brittany; Pau, in the Pyrennees, etc., are inhabited by a regular English colony.

On entering these places, the signs of English colonization will strike you; the Anglican church, the lawn tennis ground, and the cricket field, will announce to you that John Bull has taken up his abode there. The Union Jack does not float over the town hall, it is true, but you are pretty sure, before you have gone very far, to see it flying from the summit of a house inhabited by some titled member of the community. You will not have been many days in the town before you are presented with Evangelical tracts, either handed to you in the street, or quietly slipped under your front door: John never forgets that he has received a mission to convert his benighted fellow-creatures, and, in return for the pleasure of the blessed sunlight on a foreign shore, he does his best to give the poor foreigner the light of the Gospel from the pure fount in foggy England.

The British colonies are chiefly recruited from the upper middle class of their mother country: Irish landlords whose rent rolls have shrunk, officers on half-pay, unlucky speculators, and victims of the turf or *écarté*. They are all people who cannot keep their wonted position in a society where they are judged by the length of their purse, and where poverty is a crime. "To dig they are ashamed;" all kinds of work are derogatory in their

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eyes, and the only thing to be done is to make the most of what is left to them. So, quietly, they slip across the British Channel and pitch their tents in our fair land, where, thanks be, it is still possible to live well and cheaply.

To any inquisitive friends it is easy enough to explain why they are in France. "Our English climate is atrocious, don't you know, my lungs were getting affected—and, besides, I want the children to speak French, and the only way to get the accent at all is to come and live over here." That is not all: "Life in London is awfully wearing, don't you know. Everybody has his hobby. Well, mine is to rusticate philosophically, *à la* Rousseau. Ah, my dear fellow, Jean Jacques was right—the simple pleasures of life, that kind of thing, you know." John Bull will tell you, as he enlarges on the subject of a country life and a diet of dairy produce and vegetables: "I haven't felt a touch of dyspepsia since we came over." It would be a wonder if he had. "And the shooting and fishing are really capital, to say nothing of the primitive habits of the Breton, who is really quite an interesting subject of study."

The good man tells the story so often that in the process of humbugging his friends he finishes by humbugging himself, and by and by believes it is all true.

The advantages of the move are manifold. In London the society man must dress three times a day. In these places he does as he pleases, and that is one of the great charms of life in a little French town. The inhabitants do not know him: no need to dress for them. His compatriots, voluntary exiles like himself, do know him: no need to dress for them.

Wherefore, behold, John's get up is a compromise between former grandeur and present poverty. He affects corduroy and flannel. The knickerbockers and jacket of the former look sportsmanlike and are everlasting wear; the flannel shirt is comfortable and shortens the washing bill. The said knickerbockers may be patched, but they have a shooting pocket, and though he has one meal a day less than he could easily manage, he has a shooting license.

These Britishers are clannish; they associate only among themselves, unless, indeed, it be among the French aristocracy of the town. The chief qualification to be a member of their set is to do nothing. I know one case of an Englishman having been

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discovered to have accepted an agency from some English firm in order to allow his family to live a little better. He was pitilessly "boycotted" as a black sheep. Yet these worthy folks are kind-hearted. The poorest of them are often charitable. Not to be able to give to the poor would have been the hardest privation resulting from their reduced state. At Christmas, at any rate, they must permit themselves the luxury of regaling some of the poor old folks of the neighborhood. Dear, funny, lovable snobs! They may have their whims and fads, but, at the core, there is much that is sweet and wholesome in them, and few of their acts need be repudiated by the nicest gentleman. I remember once going to church with one of these self-banished Britons. When the collection bag came round he dropped in a *sou* which he had pulled out of his pocket in mistake for a franc. There were probably very few coins in that pocket of his. At all events, before it was time to leave he had discovered his mistake, and before we left he had rectified it, taking the trouble to go round the church to find the person who had carried the bag.

These people, plenty of whom have had luxurious homes in England, are fain to content themselves with a little furnished house, for which they pay forty or fifty francs a month. Are there no carpets on the floors, they console themselves with the thought of the dust those luxuries are apt to harbor. Is there little furniture in the *salon?* They think of the overcrowded drawing-rooms in South Kensington, and are almost ready to look upon the possibility of free movement as a blessing cheap at the price.

Thanks to the inborn talent Englishwomen have for making their homes pretty, the plain furniture is soon supplemented by a hundred knick-knacks, and the aspect of the place is far from being uninviting. I have seen some of these houses, with poverty plainly staring out from garret to ground floor, yet look pretty; thanks to the women who lived in them. Their drawings and a few good photographs, elegantly framed, brightened the walls, and drapery, cheap but gracefully embroidered and looped about the windows, doors, and fire-place, gave an appearance of elegance to rooms that had been bare and ugly without them. Cheerful cretonne coverings hid the faded chairs, and plump pillows made the hard, straight sofa more inviting than it had ever looked before. It was not luxury; it was not, alas! comfort; but it was good taste: one felt among people of refinement.

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If, in the room dignified by the name of library, there are only one or two bookcases, and they have their glass doors discreetly lined to hide the scarcity of books, and the presence of a cigar-box and a whisky bottle, the little fraud is a harmless one, pathetic rather than amusing. Let us not begrudge this poor shabby gentleman who keeps up such a brave face to the world and pretends he enjoys his enforced cheese paring, let us not begrudge him that hour with his cigar and his "toddy:" it is his one little solace in an existence as bare as the bookshelves.

Ay, the whole thing is pathetic; the dining table, with its wealth of hedge flowers and scarcity of beef and mutton. Perhaps it is lunch time, and there is fruit and cheese for all fare; or it may be the family are at dinner and the master is carefully helping the trout he caught this morning, or dissecting a hare with a due regard to to-morrow's *croquettes*. There, behind his chair, stands the good old Breton woman who waits on them, doing her best to keep from smiling at the solemnity with which *ces Anglais* eat.

Bye-and-bye, in the drawing-room, friends will drop in and all will play at life in Belgravia and Mayfair. Conversation turns on the little scandals of the day in London, to a running accompaniment of "You don't say so!" "Who would have thought it!" The latest boudoir secrets and London club gossip are told with many a "This is *entre nous*, you know," or, "I shouldn't like it to be repeated, no, not for the world, you understand." To hear them, you would fancy they were all intimate friends of every member of the Guelph family resident in England. They speak of the Prince and Princess of Wales as they would of their next door neighbor, and nobody is worth mentioning who is not at least a baronet.

Now and then there is a little farewell gathering. Some one has died over there in England, and some one here is the better off for it. And then there are sad little partings, and wistful eyes watch the departure of the lucky fellow who is going back to resume his place in the delightful whirl of London life, while the rest must rusticate and rust until a similar piece of luck befalls them.

Poor, reduced John Bull! the sun never sets on his dominions, it is true, but his own particular star is not in the ascendant yet. So he goes on playing his little comedy, though everybody sees

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through it; gets what consolation he may out of the society of his companions in exile, and the local nobility who are kind enough to open their houses to him and "put him up" at their club. The *bourgeois* calls him "goddam," but has a lurking respect for him. The shopkeeper overcharges him, but *ces Anglais* have the reputation of flitting with as little ceremony as the rooks, and those of them who pay must pay for those who do not. *Que voulez-vous?* "On the whole it is not such a bad life," John says to himself, "and the children are picking up the accent wonderfully."

II.—TOURIST.

It has been asked by M. Labiche, in *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon* (a play worthy of Molière), why the French, who are so witty at home, are so stupid abroad. Perhaps I am only furnishing an example of this peculiar effect of frontier crossing in asking the following questions: how is it that the English, who are so kind, amiable, considerate, and unaffected at home, are so rude, overbearing, and inconsiderate abroad? It is a question that I have often asked myself as I looked at certain Britons taking their holiday rambles on my native shore.

I am fain to come to the conclusion that a man out of his country is for a time not his natural self. To be seen at his best, he must have the setting of his natural surroundings. First along, he is like a fish out of water making great efforts to go on swimming naturally, but unable to use its tail gracefully and becomingly for want of its natural element. The English, residing on the Continent, have found their feet, as it were; they have learned the language of their adopted country, and, having made themselves a new home, have an object in being pleased with it.

But the wandering Briton is like the rest of us; he sets out from home with the firm conviction that he is leaving the most wonderful country in the world. *Cela va sans dire.* He has probably not gone very far on his travels before he sees that he may have reason to modify that opinion. But he does not enjoy the idea much; it would be wounding to his national vanity, to say the least of it. Why not put on a little bluster and pretend to see nothing very remarkably fine? It is much more comforting to say: "Ah, yes, that scenery's not half bad; but, do you

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know, I think these things have been awfully overpraised. These old churches, no doubt, are very fine, most of them, but it's wonderful how sick one gets of them when one has seen a dozen or so." Having taken up this course, he is prepared to stand quite unmoved in presence of the grandest Alpine sunrise, or Vesuvius lighting up the midnight sky.

There is another thing that goes sadly against his grain, and rubs him up the wrong way. He finds that his French, that used to sound so nice at home when he occasionally aired a little quotation, is apt to raise a smile to the lips of the natives. You must not imagine that he blames himself, or that it ever occurs to him that he is the worst linguist in Europe. Oh, no. He simply wonders why those confounded foreigners can't learn English, puts on a disgusted look, and takes to giving his orders in a tone of bored contempt particularly exasperating to the recipients of them. His hat seems to grow to his head, he lounges in the best seats at the theatre in his Tweed suit, and succeeds in making himself generally disagreeable as well as conspicuous. One of his most objectionable tricks is that of going sniffing about, as if everything smelt ill. At home, he has carried his sanitation hobby to a very mania, and he seems terribly afraid there is typhoid fever lurking in the corners of every building he enters. All these little matters, added to his calm way of making himself at home, as if all the world belonged to him, are necessarily trying to the foreigner.

Up to a few years ago, John Bull's little peculiarities were lumped under the head of "insular eccentricities." Only the better class people of England traveled in those days; they were rich and spent their money freely, seldom taking the trouble to look at their bills. If they hurt the susceptibilities of the natives, the latter found their gold a tolerable balm for the wounds, and further solaced themselves with caricaturing John Bull to their heart's content. But the times have changed: John is no longer the good guinea pig that he was. The enterprising Mr. Cook has arisen with his "personally conducted" tours, and been followed by many imitators, all anxious to give you the maximum of sight-seeing at a minimum of cost. At first these firms were only patronized by the city clerk class. Unable to speak foreign languages, but anxious to make the most of his annual fortnight's holiday, the clerk put himself under the care of one of those light-

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ning conductors who, for a consideration of about fifty dollars, lodged him, fed him, spoke for him, and whirled him through Europe in less time than it takes to see London properly. But now, people who would not think of going with this flock of gapers, purchase Cook's coupons and obtain hotel accommodation in any foreign town for about two-thirds of the usual cost. The Continent is overrun with tourists, whose object is "to do the thing cheaply." The French hotel keeper of to-day keeps his best bow for the Americans and the Russians, and shows his disapproval of the Cookists by sending them to his top floors, scarcely an enjoyable elevation in a land where the elevator is as yet a rare luxury.

Poor fellow! is it any wonder if, finding that he is not wanted, he takes his little revenge by shutting his eyes to all that is admirable, and doing his best to confirm in his mind all the absurd prejudices he set out with? How he has managed this you may find out, if you care to question him on his return as to what he has seen. Has he passed a day or two among the treasures of Cluny? Has he done more than walk through the Louvre? Has he made acquaintance with our Sorbonne and the College of France and what goes on here? Has he been, on a Sunday, in some of our churches and seen with his own eyes that the French are as much churchgoing as the English? Oh, dear no! Catch John in a church on the Continent! Then where has he passed his time?

Look over his shoulder the first time he writes a letter to an intimate friend on arriving at home: "Dear Boy—I have just returned from France. Good heavens, what a country it is! I have seen pretty sights over there, I can assure you. I will tell you all about it when we meet in private. All I can say now is that I thank God I was born an Englishman."

MAX O'RELL.

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AN UNPUNISHED CONSTITUTIONAL CRIME.

If a student of the science of government while examining the organic law of a State, with whose politics, manners, and customs he was unfamiliar, should find a single crime, defined and denounced in its Constitution, what would be his natural conclusion as to the light in which the crime was regarded by the people themselves, and as to its prevalence in their political society? He would conclude, of course, that such a crime was considered fatal to the life of the State and dangerous to the liberties and rights of the people; and that on that account the People themselves, unwilling to trust their legislature to define it and to provide for its punishment, had incorporated it in the fundamental law, by virtue of which the State itself existed and was held together. He would then conclude that a crime so dangerous as to be thought worthy of constitutional denunciation, must necessarily be infrequently committed. He would naturally say to himself: "Here is one crime at least which, among this virtuous people, can hardly exist. The people themselves have made it odious and detestable by condemning it in the very charter of the State. None but the most abandoned citizen will ever venture to commit it, for no one, known or even suspected to have been guilty of it, will surely be tolerated in a political society which has so condemned it. Among such a people such a man must be nothing but a moral leper, from whom all decent citizens turn in disgust."

What, then, would be our student's surprise, how great his bewilderment, if, turning from the study of their Constitution and laws to an examination of the actual political and social condition of the same people, he should discover that this particular crime, so defined, so denounced, so made odious and detestable, was not of infrequent, but of constant commission, that men suspected of it were not thrust aside, but very often re-elected to high official position; that some citizens plied it as a trade; that others lived and grew rich by it; and that although it was the *one crime* de-

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nounced in the Constitution, it was also the *one crime* most prevalent and the *one crime* most rarely prosecuted or punished.

Yet that is exactly what our student would find if, after reading the Constitution of the State of New York, he busied himself to examine the condition of our political society and the records of our criminal courts.

The Constitution of the State of New York contains one entire article devoted to a definition of the crime of bribery, and to the means of punishing it. The Constitution will be read in vain to find any other crime either defined or denounced.

The article, which is short but comprehensive, reads as follows:

ARTICLE XV.

"1. Any person holding office under the laws of this State, who, except in payment of his legal salary, fees, or perquisites, shall receive or consent to receive, directly or indirectly, anything of value or of personal advantage, or the promise thereof, for performing or omitting to perform any official act, or with the express or implied understanding that his official action or omission to act is to be in any degree influenced thereby, shall be deemed guilty of a felony. This section shall not affect the validity of any existing statute in relation to the offense of bribery.

"2. Any person who shall offer or promise a bribe to an officer if it shall be received shall be deemed guilty of a felony and liable to punishment except as herein provided. No person offering a bribe shall upon any prosecution of the officer for receiving such bribe be privileged from testifying in relation thereto, and he shall not be liable to civil or criminal prosecution therefor, if he shall testify to the giving or offering of such a bribe. Any person who shall offer or promise a bribe, if it shall be rejected by the officer to whom it is tendered, shall be deemed guilty of an attempt to bribe, which is hereby declared to be a felony.

"3. Any person charged with receiving a bribe or with offering a bribe shall be permitted to testify in his own behalf, in any civil or criminal prosecution therefor.

"4. Any district-attorney who shall fail faithfully to prosecute a person charged with the violation in his county of any provision of this article which may come to his knowledge shall be removed from office by the Governor after due notice and an opportunity of being heard in his defense. The expenses which shall be incurred by any county in investigating and prosecuting any charges of bribery or attempting to bribe any person holding office under the laws of this State, within such county, or of receiving bribes by any such person in said county, shall be a charge against the State, and their payment by the State provided for by law."

Provisions relating to particular crimes are seldom met with in the Constitutions of any of the States which form the Federal Union.

The Constitution of the United States, it is true, defines the crime of treason. In the Constitution of Mississippi, Iowa, and

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other of the Southern and Western States are articles denouncing dueling. The Constitutions of Texas, Tennessee, Nevada, Florida, and Vermont, and of one or two others, contain provisions condemning the bribery of electors. But in the organic law of but six States is there any reference to the crimes of giving bribes to public officers, or of receiving bribes by them.

The Constitution of California has an article relating to bribery of members of the Legislature only. (Article V., Section 35.) That of Colorado defines the crime of receiving bribes by public officers, but makes no provision for the punishment of bribe-giving. (Article XII., Section 6.) The Constitution of Alabama defines bribery by members of the Legislature, makes penal the giving or offering a bribe to any officer, whether legislative, executive, or judicial, and condemns as a felony the practice known as lobbying. (Article IV., Sections 40, 41, 42.) By Section 5,022 of the Constitution of Georgia lobbying is declared to be a crime, and the General Assembly is instructed to enforce the provision by suitable penalties. In the Constitution of Maryland may be found one article imposing upon the Legislature the duty of passing adequate laws for the punishment of bribery, and another compelling persons implicated in the crime to testify against each other. (Rule V., Article III., Section 50.) And in the Constitution of Pennsylvania are several sections resembling in many respects the Fifteenth Article of the New York Constitution, but by no means as sweeping and explicit. (Article III., Sections 29–32.)

In the Constitution of no other State in the Union can there be found any such comprehensive and specific provisions, not only in respect to the acts constituting the crime, the persons who may commit it, or the means devised for bringing offenders to justice, as are contained in the Constitution of the State of New York.

The first effort to incorporate an article directed against bribery in the Constitution of New York was made by the Constitutional Convention of 1867.

Soon after the Convention assembled at Albany, on the 4th of June, 1867, a Committee on official corruption was appointed. The Committee having been authorized to take testimony, summoned before it witnesses who furnished it with a partial view only of the widespread corruption, which every one at all

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familiar with public affairs knew to exist. Soon after, the Committee reported to the Convention an amendment to the Constitution, which, with some changes, was adopted by the Convention, and became a part of the proposed new Constitution of the State.

The first section of the amendment defined the crime of bribery in the same terms as those in which it is defined in the present article. But the second section was indeed a remarkable one. It ran as follows :

"Any person offering a bribe, if it shall be accepted, shall not be liable to civil or criminal prosecution therefor. But any person who offers or promises a bribe, if it shall be rejected by the officer to whom it was tendered, shall be deemed guilty of an attempt to bribe, which is hereby declared to be a felony, and a conviction shall be punished as provided in the first section of this article."

In a word, the offering of a bribe to a public officer was a felony, provided only it was not accepted. If it was accepted, the giver was free from all criminality.

This was indeed a startling innovation ! But, startling as it was, the Convention was persuaded to recommend its adoption by the people.

The reasons given by the committee for the adoption of any constitutional provision at all did not attribute any lack of efficacy to the existing laws, except in one particular. In some respects, notably as to punishments, they were more stringent than those proposed by the committee. But, stringent as they were, they were conceded to be dead letters. The committee, therefore, argued that if this particular crime was taken out of the great body of the statutes, and defined and denounced in the fundamental law, its appearance there would be a constant reminder to the People of the dangerous character of the crime, and would increase their just detestation of all who dared to commit it. It was further argued that once in the Constitution it would forever be beyond the reach of the Legislature to modify or repeal.

The fault found with the existing law, under which no one had ever been convicted, inspired the committee to recommend immunity to the givers of accepted bribes. "Experience teaches us," said, in effect, the sponsors of the measure in the Convention, "that it is impossible to punish both bribe taker and bribe giver. We cannot punish both. Let us, therefore, make sure of one. And inasmuch as the bribe taker, being a public officer, not only commits a crime, but betrays his trust

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and violates his oath of office, let us single him out for punishment. The bribe giver, who has committed no crime, may then be used as a witness against him, and, being free from guilt himself, will not hesitate to testify. And he will be an unspotted witness, upon whose testimony the State may justly rely. On the other hand, the virtue of our officials shall be protected. For an offer of a bribe to one of them shall be criminal, provided he has the honesty to refuse it."

Those who opposed the adoption of this provision insisted that the existing laws which made bribe giving and bribe taking alike criminal, and compelled one offender to testify against the other were, if vigorously enforced by district attorneys, much more likely to lead to the suppression of the crime than the rules proposed by the Committee; that it was unjustifiable, at a period in our history when great corporations were making a business of trafficking in the votes of dishonest legislators, to make the acts of their officers blameless, and those of the official only, criminal; that the character of an official was quickly investigated by those whose occupation it was to buy and sell men; that corrupt proposals were not likely to be made to men of ascertained integrity, and that a provision making the giving of an accepted bribe innocent before the law, was calculated not to suppress the crime, but to increase it, because one of the parties at least to the corrupt transaction might practice his wickedness with perfect impunity.

As might have been expected, when this article, which was adopted by the Convention, was submitted to the People at the general election of 1869, it was rejected by a considerable majority. The People of this State were unwilling to license the paying of bribes to their dishonest officials.

Yet, curiously enough, and as if to illustrate the necessity of putting the laws against bribery forever beyond the power of the Legislature to alter or amend them, the Tweed Legislature of 1869, a few months before this article was rejected by the people, passed a law (Chapter 742 of the Laws or 1869) which embodied that feature of the proposed amendment which granted immunity to all bribe givers, and added a provision which made it simply impossible to convict the bribe taker.

The act was ironically entitled, "An act for the more effectual suppression of bribery." It might with greater propriety have

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been entitled, "An act for the license of bribery." It reduced the then existing punishment from not exceeding ten to not exceeding five years. It improved on the amendment proposed by the constitutional convention, which, of course, was designed to cover only future cases, by giving a clean bill of health to all past bribe givers, as well as to all future givers of accepted bribes. Their immunity was not conditioned upon the giving of testimony against the bribed official; it was without any condition or consideration of any sort.

Having thus pardoned all past bribe givers, and made bribe giving in the future innocent, the act proceeded to take care of the bribe taker by making a conviction for receiving a bribe almost impossible.

The only excuse for making bribe giving not criminal, the only reason ever urged upon the Constitutional Convention by the mistaken advocates of so preposterous a measure, was that the State might obtain clean and reliable testimony upon which to prosecute the corrupt official,—testimony which, uncorroborated, would satisfy a jury.

But the law of 1869, in its last section, provided that the bribe giver, although free from all guilt by the very terms of the act, should, nevertheless, be regarded as an accomplice of the bribe taker in a legal sense, and it prohibited the conviction of the latter unless the testimony of the bribe giver was corroborated in its material parts by other evidence. A moment's reflection will convince any one that such a rule, when applied to a prosecution for a secret crime in which usually but two persons are concerned, is an inevitable bar to any conviction.

This scandalous statute was the law of this State from 1869 to 1875, a period of about six years. It was the golden age of bribery. The crime flourished. The paying of bribes was absolutely innocent, and the taking of bribes absolutely safe.

From this unfortunate condition of affairs we were rescued by the Constitutional Commission of 1872, a body appointed by the Governor under an act of the Legislature of that year. To that body is due the credit of devising the article of our present Constitution, which was adopted by a vote of the people at the general election in November, 1874, and went into effect on the 1st day of January, 1875.

So that from the year 1875 down to the present day, we have

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had in our fundamental law clear, ample, and stringent provisions against bribe giving and bribe taking, which only the People themselves may ever repeal, alter, or modify.

It is worth while, in passing, to notice some of the features of these unique provisions, for the purpose of observing how nicely they are calculated, if only vigorously enforced, to deal with the crime of bribery in all its aspects.

They affect all public officers, from the chief magistrate down to the humblest official.

They make the agreement to receive or the agreement to give, as criminal as the actual receipt or the actual giving. Unimportant as this may seem at first glance, the value of this feature may not be overlooked. In the first place, it makes the first step towards the completed crime, a crime itself. In the second, it renders conviction more probable; since it is easier to prove an agreement to receive than the actual receipt of the money. Usually no one can prove the latter but the giver, but the existence of a corrupt agreement to receive may be proved to the satisfaction of a jury by a variety of circumstances, which, taken together, point irresistibly to the guilt of the accused.

The article also makes the giver of bribes as guilty as the taker of bribes, but it permits *him* to purge himself of his offense *in one way and in no other*. He may go free if on the prosecution of the corrupt official he shall testify to the giving or offering of the bribe. And he is compelled to testify, whether he wishes to or not, against the bribe taker, upon the promise that revelation of the official's guilt shall work his own salvation.

The article also commands the District-Attorney in every county to prosecute all charges of bribery faithfully. He may not temporize or trifle, but *must* pursue those charged with the crime to the end. And if he does not, the Governor *must* remove him from office, after he has had an opportunity to be heard in his defense. In a secret crime, like bribery, there is usually no complainant. Both bribe giver and bribe taker are interested in suppressing the crime. To meet this difficulty, the District Attorney himself is made a complainant, upon pain of removal if he does not faithfully push his complaint.

Thus from the year 1853 to the year 1869 we find stringent statutes in the State of New York against bribery embodying

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most of the features of the present article of the Constitution; and from the year 1875 down to the present day we find the sweeping Constitutional rules, supplemented, since the adoption of the Penal Code, by statutory provisions with the gravest penalties.

Indeed, it may justly be said that the laws against bribery in this State for more than thirty years (the interval from 1869–1875 excepted) have been almost Draconian in their severity.

With what result ?

In the debates in the Constitutional Convention of 1867 upon the proposed amendment to which I have made reference, it was conceded that the law against bribery was a dead letter. No one of the delegates to that Convention, although they came from every part of the State, could recollect a single conviction for either bribe taking or bribe giving, except one case in Ontario County, where, in the year 1867, some official pleaded guilty of taking a bribe and was fined one thousand dollars.

The digests of Brightly, Abbott, Barbour, and Cowan, containing the adjudications in all the courts upon every legal principle, and upon almost every statutory provision, may be read without finding, until the year 1886, a single case where a person was convicted of bribery, whether in taking or giving.

In almost every other State, cases are to be found in the volumes recording the decisions of its higher courts. There are many cases reported in Massachusetts, Texas, Illinois, Indiana, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and California. But until 1886, in the State of New York alone, where the laws denouncing bribery have been the most stringent, and where for thirteen years an entire article of the Constitution has been devoted to the means of punishing the crime, no reported case of a conviction for bribery can be found.

Henry W. Jaehne, Arthur J. McQuade, and John O'Neil were the first persons in the history of this State who were incarcerated in any of its prisons for the offense of receiving bribes while public officials. The case of the People *vs.* Jaehne was the first case upon bribe taking ever decided by the Court of Appeals. And it is quite certain that no person before Jacob Sharp was ever convicted or tried in this State for the crime of giving a bribe to a public officer.

What a beggarly result for thirty years of statute framing and constitution making !

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And the worst of it all is, that, so far as appears upon the surface, the crime is scarcely less prevalent, the criminals scarcely less audacious, than before these solemn warnings were recorded. On one occasion during the past year I asked a distinguished citizen, residing in one of the cities of the State, whether these convictions had not had a salutary effect in repressing the crime. He answered that a friend of his who had recently had some dealings with the Common Council of his city, had told him that shortly after the Aldermanic trials he had made some application to that body, and was surprised at the increase in price for votes which was demanded. Venturing to remonstrate, he was told that since the convictions the price had been put up, because of the increased risk of the business.

This was the only information he could impart, as to the effect of the prosecutions in that particular city.

But although it may not be perceptible nor capable of exact measurement, it may not be doubted that the effect of these trials upon those who make office-holding a trade, and upon politicians of the baser sort in general, has been very wholesome. For years must roll by, before even the seemingly flippant or audacious can forget the terrible lessons of 1886 and 1887. Their faith in the inefficacy of laws to deal with the crime has been rudely shattered. The record of half a century barren of prosecutions has been broken. The lesson has been learned that "dead letters" may, some time, become living laws.

There seems also to have been some little recognition in the politics of the State, one notable instance excepted, of the aroused public sentiment against bribery. Here and there re-nomination or re-election has been denied to those who so openly plied their unhallowed trade as to bring disgrace upon their party associations.

But hopeful as these signs are, we may not blind our eyes to the shameful fact that the crime flourishes, and will flourish none the less because a few unfortunates have been overtaken by the strong arm of the law. At the very moment when the Aldermanic prosecutions were being most vigorously pushed, when public indignation was at its highest pitch over the startling disclosures of official corruption, does any one doubt that legislation, yes, and justice, was being bought and sold—not so openly perhaps as before, but with greater security, because with greater secrecy? Is not the knowledge current among politicians and all acquainted

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with public affairs in the State, that many men in official station who have made large sums of money by the sale of their votes and influence, are again and again re-elected to office? Will not the shameless trade in votes which year after year goes on in the halls of the Legislature of the State be resumed as soon as the business of the session commences?

Already many a legislator is looking forward to the rich harvest of the winter. Already he is figuring up the profits of the season. If he is a free lance, he is calculating what interest he had better "strike" first. If he is the representative of some corporation or trust, he is studying how he may serve his master with the largest profit to himself. He is dreaming already of "lifting the mortgage on the barn" or the house, of acquiring some interest-bearing shares, of "getting together" enough to open a saloon, to start a business, perhaps to organize a bank.

Already the kings and princes of the lobby have engaged their spacious apartments for the winter's campaign. Already they have classified the members of both houses, have calculated to a nicety the price of every venal man, either per bill or for the season, have estimated the value of statesmen whose reputation, or influence, or powers of speech, entitle them to higher rewards than their cheaper associates, and have begun the more difficult study of capturing those who cannot be approached directly with vulgar bribes, but may be reached in other safer and more convenient ways.

Already great corporations are beginning to set aside the annual fund for legislative purposes, which, when expended, will be entered as "sundries" or "legal expenses" in their books of accounts. And greedy speculators, anxious to lay their hands upon some of the great franchises of the State yet unsold, stand ready to submit to the extortions of the corrupt, to overcome the scruples of the hesitating, and to undermine the moral constitution of those who have not yet fallen victims to the disease.

In a few short weeks, when the legislatures of our State and cities convene, despite the solemn lessons of the past, the Constitution will again be defied and spat upon by the very people who helped to make it, and whose official lives serve to illustrate how vain and impotent after all are even its strong sections to stem the tide of corruption, which, unchecked, must ultimately submerge our free institutions.

DE LANCEY NICOLL.

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LETTER TO DR. FIELD.

My Dear Mr. Field:

With great pleasure I have read your second Letter, in which you seem to admit that men may differ even about religion without being responsible for that difference; that every man has the right to read the bible for himself, state freely the conclusion at which he arrives, and that it is not only his privilege, but his duty to speak the truth; that Christians can hardly be happy in heaven, while those they loved on earth are suffering with the lost; that it is not a crime to investigate, to think, to reason, to observe, and to be governed by evidence; that credulity is not a virtue, and that the open mouth of ignorant wonder is not the only entrance to Paradise; that belief is not necessary to salvation, and that no man can justly be made to suffer eternal pain for having expressed an intellectual conviction.

You seem to admit that no man can justly be held responsible for his thoughts; that the brain thinks without asking our consent, and that we believe or disbelieve without an effort of the will.

I congratulate you upon the advance that you have made. You not only admit that we have the right to think, but that we have the right to express our honest thoughts. You admit that the Christian world no longer believes in the faggot, the dungeon, and the thumb-screw. Has the Christian world outgrown its God? Has man become more merciful than his maker? If man will not torture his fellow-man on account of a difference of opinion, will a God of infinite love torture one of his children for what is called the sin of unbelief? Has man outgrown the Inquisition, and will God forever be the warden of a penitentiary? The walls of the old dungeons have fallen, and light now visits the cell where brave men perished in darkness. Is Jehovah to keep the cells of perdition in repair forever, and are his children to be the eternal prisoners?

It seems hard for you to appreciate the mental condition of

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one who regards all Gods as substantially the same; that is to say, who thinks of them all as myths and phantoms born of the imagination, characters in the religious fictions of the race. To you it probably seems strange that a man should think far more of Jupiter than of Jehovah. Regarding them both as creations of the mind, I choose between them, and I prefer the God of the Greeks, on the same principle that I prefer Portia to Iago; and yet I regard them, one and all, as children of the imagination, as phantoms born of human fears and human hopes.

Surely nothing was further from my mind than to hurt the feelings of any one by speaking of the Presbyterian God. I simply intended to speak of the God of the Presbyterians. Certainly the God of the Presbyterian is not the God of the Catholic, nor is he the God of the Mohammedan or Hindoo. He is a special creation suited only to certain minds. These minds have naturally come together, and they form what we call the Presbyterian church. As a matter of fact, no two churches can by any possibility have precisely the same God; neither can any two human beings conceive of precisely the same Deity. In every man's God there is, to say the least, a part of that man. The lower the man, the lower his conception of God. The higher the man, the grander his Deity must be. The savage who adorns his body with a belt from which hang the scalps of enemies slain in battle, has no conception of a loving, of a forgiving God; his God, of necessity, must be as revengeful, as heartless, as infamous as the God of John Calvin.

You do not exactly appreciate my feeling. I do not hate Presbyterians; I hate Presbyterianism. I hate with all my heart the creed of that church, and I most heartily despise the God described in the Confession of Faith. But some of the best friends I have in the world are afflicted with the mental malady known as Presbyterianism. They are the victims of the consolation growing out of the belief that a vast majority of their fellowmen are doomed to suffer eternal torment, to the end that their Creator may be eternally glorified. I have said many times, and I say again, that I do not despise a man because he has the rheumatism; I despise the rheumatism because it has a man.

But I do insist that the Presbyterians have assumed to appropriate to themselves their Supreme Being, and that they have claimed, and that they do claim, to be the "special objects of

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his favor." They do claim to be the very elect, and they do insist that God looks upon them as the objects of his special care. They do claim that the light of Nature, without the torch of the Presbyterian creed, is insufficient to guide any soul to the gate of heaven. They do insist that even those who never heard of Christ, or never heard of the God of the Presbyterians, will be eternally lost; and they not only claim this, but that their fate will illustrate not only the justice but the mercy of God. Not only so, but they insist that the morality of an unbeliever is displeasing to God, and that the love of an unconverted mother for her helpless child is nothing less than sin.

When I meet a man who really believes the Presbyterian creed, I think of the Laocoon. I feel as though looking upon a human being helpless in the coils of an immense and poisonous serpent. But I congratulate you with all my heart that you have repudiated this infamous, this savage creed; that you now admit that reason was given us to be exercised; that God will not torture any man for entertaining an honest doubt, and that in the world to come "every man will be judged according to the deeds done in the body."

Let me quote your exact language: "I believe that in the future world every man will be judged according to the deeds done in the body." Do you not see that you have bidden farewell to the Presbyterian church? In that sentence, you have thrown away the atonement, you have denied the efficacy of the blood of Jesus Christ, and you have denied the necessity of belief. If we are to be judged by the deeds done in the body, that is the end of the Presbyterian scheme of salvation. I sincerely congratulate you for having repudiated the savagery of Calvinism.

It also gave me great pleasure to find that you have thrown away, with a kind of glad shudder, that infamy of infamies, the dogma of eternal pain. I have denounced that inhuman belief; I have denounced every creed that had coiled within it that viper; I have denounced every man who preached it, the book that contains it, and with all my heart the God who threatens it; and at last I have the happiness of seeing the editor of the New York *Evangelist* admit that devout Christians do not believe that lie, and quote with approbation the words of a minister of the Church of England to the effect that all men will be finally recovered and made happy.

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Do you find this doctrine of hope in the Presbyterian creed? Is this star, that sheds light on every grave, found in your bible? Did Christ have in his mind the shining truth that all the children of men will at last be filled with joy, when he uttered these comforting words: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels"? Do you find in this flame the bud of hope, or the flower of promise?

You suggest that it is possible that "the incurably bad will be annihilated," and you say that such a fate can have no terrors for me, as I look upon annihilation as the common lot of all. Let us examine this position. Why should a God of infinite wisdom create men and women whom he knew would be "incurably bad"? What would you say of a mechanic who was forced to destroy his own productions on the ground that they were "incurably bad"? Would you say that he was an infinitely wise mechanic? Does infinite justice annihilate the work of infinite wisdom? Does God, like an ignorant doctor, bury his mistakes?

Besides, what right have you to say that "I look upon annihilation as the common lot of all"? Was there any such thought in my Reply? Do you find it in any published words of mine? Do you find anything in what I have written tending to show that I believe in annihilation? Is it not true that I say now, and that I have always said, that I do not know? Does a lack of knowledge as to the fate of the human soul imply a belief in annihilation? Does it not equally imply a belief in immortality?

You have been—at least until recently—a believer in the inspiration of the bible and in the truth of its every word. What do you say to the following: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast." You will see that the inspired writer is not satisfied with admitting that he does not know. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Was it not cruel for an inspired man to attack a sacred belief?

You seem surprised that I should speak of the doctrine of eternal pain as "the black thunder-cloud that darkens all the horizon, casting its mighty shadows over the life that now is and that which is to come." If that doctrine be true, what else is there worthy of engaging the attention of the human mind? It

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is the blackness that extinguishes every star. It is the abyss in which every hope must perish. It leaves a universe without justice and without mercy—a future without one ray of light, and a present with nothing but fear. It makes heaven an impossibility, God an infinite monster, and man an eternal victim. Nothing can redeem a religion in which this dogma is found. Clustered about it are all the snakes of the Furies.

But you have abandoned this infamy, and you have admitted that we are to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. Nothing can be nearer self-evident than the fact that a finite being cannot commit an infinite sin; neither can a finite being do an infinitely good deed. That is to say, no one can deserve for any act eternal pain, and no one for any deed can deserve eternal joy. If we are to be judged by the deeds done in the body, the old orthodox hell and heaven both become impossible.

So too, you have recognized the great and splendid truth that sin cannot be predicated of an intellectual conviction. This is the first great step toward the liberty of soul. You admit that there is no morality and no immorality in belief—that is to say, in the simple operation of the mind in weighing evidence, in observing facts, and in drawing conclusions. You admit that these things are without sin and without guilt. Had all men so believed there never could have been religious persecution—the Inquisition could not have been built, and the idea of eternal pain never could have polluted the human heart.

You have been driven to the passions for the purpose of finding what you are pleased to call "sin" and "responsibility"; and you say, speaking of a human being, "but if he is warped by passion so that he cannot see things truly, then is he responsible." One would suppose that the use of the word "cannot" is inconsistent with the idea of responsibility. What is passion? There are certain desires, swift, thrilling, that quicken the action of the heart—desires that fill the brain with blood, with fire and flame—desires that bear the same relation to judgment that storms and waves bear to the compass on a ship. Is passion necessarily produced? Is there an adequate cause for every effect? Can you by any possibility think of an effect without a cause, and can you by any possibility think of an effect that is not a cause, or can you think of a cause that is not an effect? Is not the history of real civilization the slow and gradual emancipation of the in-

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tellect, of the judgment, from the mastery of passion? Is not that man civilized whose reason sits the crowned monarch of his brain—whose passions are his servants?

Who knows the strength of the temptation to another? Who knows how little has been resisted by those who stand, how much has been resisted by those who fall? Who knows whether the victor or the victim made the bravest and the most gallant fight? In judging of our fellow-men we must take into consideration the circumstances of ancestry, of race, of nationality, of employment, of opportunity, of education, and of the thousand influences that tend to mold or mar the character of man. Such a view is the mother of charity, and makes the God of the Presbyterians impossible.

At last you have seen the impossibility of forgiveness. That is to say, you perceive that after forgiveness the crime remains, and its children, called consequences, still live. You recognize the lack of philosophy in that doctrine. You still believe in what you call "the forgiveness of sins," but you admit that forgiveness cannot reverse the course of nature, and cannot prevent the operation of natural law. You also admit that if a man lives after death, he preserves his personal identity, his memory, and that the consequences of his actions will follow him through all the eternal years. You admit that consequences are immortal. After making this admission, of what use is the old idea of the forgiveness of sins? How can the criminal be washed clean and pure in the blood of another? In spite of this forgiveness, in spite of this blood, you have taken the ground that consequences, like the dogs of Actæon, follow even a Presbyterian, even one of the elect, within the heavenly gates. If you wish to be logical, you must also admit that the consequences of good deeds, like winged angels, follow even the atheist within the gates of hell.

You have had the courage of your convictions, and you have said that we are to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. By that judgment I am willing to abide. But, whether willing or not, I must abide, because there is no power, no God that can step between me and the consequences of my acts. I wish no heaven that I have not earned, no happiness to which I am not entitled. I do not wish to become an immortal pauper; neither am I willing to extend unworthy hands for alms.

My dear Mr. Field, you have outgrown your creed—as every

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Presbyterian must who grows at all. You are far better than the spirit of the Old Testament; far better, in my judgment, even than the spirit of the New. The creed that you have left behind, that you have repudiated, teaches that a man may be guilty of every crime—that he may have driven his wife to insanity, that his example may have led his children to the penitentiary, or to the gallows, and that yet, at the eleventh hour, he may, by what is called "repentance," be washed absolutely pure by the blood of another and receive and wear upon his brow the laurels of eternal peace. Not only so, but that creed has taught that this wretch in heaven could look back on the poor earth and see the wife, whom he swore to love and cherish, in the mad-house, surrounded by imaginary serpents, struggling in the darkness of night, made insane by his heartlessness—that creed has taught and teaches that he could look back and see his children in prison cells, or on the scaffold with the noose about their necks, and that these visions would not bring a shade of sadness to his redeemed and happy face. It is this doctrine, it is this dogma—so bestial, so savage as to beggar all the languages of men—that I have denounced. All the words of hatred, loathing, and contempt, found in all the dialects and tongues of men, are not sufficient to express my hatred, my contempt, and my loathing of this creed.

You say that it is impossible for you not to believe in the existence of God. With this statement I find no fault. Your mind is so that a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being gives satisfaction and content. Of course, you are entitled to no credit for this belief, as you ought not to be rewarded for believing that which you cannot help believing; neither should I be punished for failing to believe that which I cannot believe.

You believe because you see in the world around you such an adaptation of means to ends that you are satisfied there is design. I admit that when Robinson Crusoe saw in the sand the print of a human foot, like and yet unlike his own, he was justified in drawing the conclusion that a human being had been there. The inference was drawn from his own experience, and was within the scope of his own mind. But I do not agree with you that he "knew" a human being had been there; he had only sufficient evidence upon which to found a belief. He did not know the footsteps of all animals; he could not have known that no animal except man could have made that footprint. In order to have

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known that it was the foot of man, he must have known that no other animal was capable of making it, and he must have known that no other being had produced in the sand the likeness of this human foot.

You see what you call evidences of intelligence in the universe, and you draw the conclusion that there must be an infinite intelligence. Your conclusion is far wider than your premise. Let us suppose, as Mr. Hume supposed, that there is a pair of scales, one end of which is in darkness, and you find that a pound weight, or a ten-pound weight, placed upon that end of the scale in the light is raised; have you the right to say that there is an infinite weight on the end in darkness, or are you compelled to say only that there is weight enough on the end in darkness to raise the weight on the end in light?

It is illogical to say, because of the existence of this earth and of what you can see in and about it, that there must be an infinite intelligence. You do not know that even the creation of this world, and of all planets discovered, required an infinite power, or infinite wisdom. I admit that it is impossible for me to look at a watch and draw the inference that there was no design in its construction, or that it only happened. I could not regard it as a product of some freak of nature, neither could I imagine that its various parts were brought together and set in motion by chance. I am not a believer in chance. But there is a vast difference between what man has made and the materials of which he has constructed the things he has made. You find a watch, and you say that it exhibits, or shows design. You insist that it is so wonderful it must have had a designer—in other words, that it is too wonderful not to have been constructed. You then find the watchmaker, and you say with regard to him that he too must have had a designer, for he is more wonderful than the watch. In imagination you go from the watchmaker to the being you call God, and you say he designed the watchmaker, but he himself was not designed because he is too wonderful to have been designed. And yet in the case of the watch and of the watchmaker, it was the wonder that suggested design, while in the case of the maker of the watchmaker the wonder denied a designer. Do you not see that this argument devours itself? If wonder suggests a designer, can it go on increasing until it denies that which it suggested?

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You must remember, too, that the argument of design is applicable to all. You are not at liberty to stop at sunrise and sunset and growing corn and all that adds to the happiness of man; you must go further. You must admit that an infinitely wise and merciful God designed the fangs of serpents, the machinery by which the poison is distilled, the ducts by which it is carried to the fang, and that the same intelligence impressed this serpent with a desire to deposit this deadly virus in the flesh of man. You must believe that an infinitely wise God so constructed this world, that in the process of cooling, earthquakes would be caused—earthquakes that devour and overwhelm cities and states. Do you see any design in the volcano that sends its rivers of lava over the fields and the homes of men? Do you really think that a perfectly good being designed the invisible parasites that infest the air, that inhabit the water, and that finally attack and destroy the health and life of man? Do you see the same design in cancers that you do in wheat and corn? Did God invent tumors for the brain? Was it his ingenuity that so designed the human race that millions of people should be born deaf and dumb, that millions should be idiotic. Did he knowingly plant in the blood or brain the seeds of insanity? Did he cultivate those seeds? Do you see any design in this?

Man calls that good which increases his happiness, and that evil which gives him pain. In the olden time, back of the good he placed a God; back of the evil a devil; but now the orthodox world is driven to admit that the God is the author of all.

For my part, I see no goodness in the pestilence—no mercy in the bolt that leaps from the cloud and leaves the mark of death on the breast of a loving mother. I see no generosity in famine, no goodness in disease, no mercy in want and agony. And yet you say that the being who created parasites that live only by inflicting pain—the being responsible for all the sufferings of mankind—you say that he has "a tenderness compared to which all human love is faint and cold." Yet according to the doctrine of the orthodox world, this being of infinite love and tenderness so created nature that its light misleads, and left a vast majority of the human race to blindly grope their way to endless pain.

You insist that a knowledge of God—a belief in God—is the foundation of social order; and yet this God of infinite tenderness has left for thousands and thousands of years nearly all of

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his children without a revelation. Why should infinite goodness leave the existence of God in doubt? Why should he see millions in savagery destroying the lives of each other, eating the flesh of each other, and keep his existence a secret from man? Why did he allow the savages to depend on sunrise and sunset and clouds? Why did he leave this great truth to a few half-crazed prophets, or to a cruel, heartless, and ignorant church? The sentence "There is a God" could have been imprinted on every blade of grass, on every leaf, on every star. An infinite God has no excuse for leaving his children in doubt and darkness.

There is still another point. You know that for thousands of ages men worshiped wild beasts as God. You know that for countless generations they knelt by coiled serpents, believing those serpents to be Gods. Why did the real God secrete himself and allow his poor, ignorant, savage children to imagine that he was a beast, a serpent? Why did this God allow mothers to sacrifice their babes? Why did he not emerge from the darkness? Why did he not say to the poor mother, "Do not sacrifice your babe; keep it in your arms; press it to your bosom; let it be the solace of your declining years. I take no delight in the death of children; I am not what you suppose me to be; I am not a beast; I am not a serpent; I am full of love and kindness and mercy, and I want my children to be happy in this world"? Did the God who allowed a mother to sacrifice her babe through the mistaken idea that he, the God, demanded the sacrifice, feel a tenderness toward that mother "compared to which all human love is faint and cold"? Would a good father allow some of his children to kill others of his children to please him?

There is still another question. Why should God, a being of infinite tenderness, leave the question of immortality in doubt? How is it that there is nothing in the Old Testament on this subject? Why is it that he who made all the constellations did not put in his heaven the star of hope? How do you account for the fact that you do not find in the Old Testament, from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Malachi, a funeral service? Is it not strange that some one in the Old Testament did not stand by an open grave of father or mother and say: "We shall meet again?" Was it because the divinely inspired men did not know?

You taunt me by saying that I know no more of the immortality of the soul than Cicero knew. I admit it. I know no more

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than the lowest savage, no more than a doctor of divinity—that is to say, nothing.

Is it not, however, a curious fact that there is less belief in the immortality of the soul in Christian countries than in heathen lands—that the belief in immortality in an orthodox church is faint, and cold, and speculative, compared with that belief in India, in China, or in the Pacific Isles? Compare the belief in immortality in America, of Christians, with that of the followers of Mohammed. Do not Christians weep above their dead? Does a belief in immortality keep back their tears? After all, the promises are so far away, and the dead are so near—the echoes of words said to have been spoken more than eighteen centuries ago are lost in the sounds of the clods that fall on the coffin. And yet, compared with the orthodox hell, compared with the prison-house of God, how ecstatic is the grave—the grave without a sigh, without a tear, without a dream, without a fear. Compared with the immortality promised by the Presbyterian creed, how beautiful annihilation seems. To be nothing—how much better than to be a convict forever. To be unconscious dust—how much better than to be a heartless angel.

There is not, there never has been, there never will be, any consolation in orthodox Christianity. It offers no consolation to any good and loving man. I prefer the consolation of Nature, the consolation of hope, the consolation springing from human affection. I prefer the simple desire to live and love forever.

Of course, it would be a consolation to know that we have an "Almighty Friend" in heaven; but an Almighty Friend who cares nothing for us, who allows us to be stricken by his lightning, frozen by his winter, starved by his famine, and at last imprisoned in his hell, is a friend I do not care to have.

I remember "the poor slave mother who sat alone in her cabin, having been robbed of her children;" and, my dear Mr. Field, I also remember that the people who robbed her justified the robbery by reading passages from the sacred scriptures. I remember that while the mother wept, the robbers, some of whom were Christians, read this: "Buy of the heathen round about, and they shall be your bondmen and bondwomen forever." I remember, too, that the robbers read: "Servants be obedient unto your masters"; and they said this passage is the only message from the heart of God to the scarred back of the slave. I re-

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member this, and I remember, also, that the poor slave mother upon her knees in wild and wailing accents called on the "Almighty Friend," and I remember that her prayer was never heard, and that her sobs died in the negligent air.

You ask me whether I would "rob this poor woman of such a friend?" My answer is this: I would give her liberty; I would break her chains. But let me ask you, did an "Almighty Friend" see the woman he loved "with a tenderness compared to which all human love is faint and cold," and the woman who loved him, robbed of her children? What was the "Almighty Friend" worth to her? She preferred her babe.

How could the "Almighty Friend" see his poor children pursued by hounds—his children whose only crime was the love of liberty—how could he see that, and take sides with the hounds? Do you believe that the "Almighty Friend" then governed the world? Do you really think that he

> "Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to coast,
> Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost?"

Do you believe that the "Almighty Friend" saw all of the tragedies that were enacted in the jungles of Africa—that he watched the wretched slave-ships, saw the miseries of the middle passage, heard the blows of all the whips, saw all the streams of blood, all the agonized faces of women, all the tears that were shed? Do you believe that he saw and knew all these things, and that he, the "Almighty Friend," looked coldly down and stretched no hand to save?

You persist, however, in endeavoring to account for the miseries of the world by taking the ground that happiness is not the end of life. You say that "the real end of life is character, and that no discipline can be too severe which leads us to suffer and be strong." Upon this subject you use the following language: "If you could have your way you would make everybody happy; there would be no more poverty, and no more sickness or pain." And this, you say, is "a child's picture, hardly worthy of a stalwart man." Let me read you another "child's picture," which you will find in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, supposed to have been written by St. John, the Divine: "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his

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people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

If you visited some woman living in a tenement, supporting by her poor labor a little family—a poor woman on the edge of famine, sewing, it may be, her eyes blinded by tears—would you tell her that "the world is not a play-ground in which men are to be petted and indulged like children?" Would you tell her that to think of a world without poverty, without tears, without pain, is a "child's picture?" If she asked you for a little assistance, would you refuse it on the ground that by being helped she might lose character? Would you tell her: "God does not wish to have you happy; happiness is a very foolish end; character is what you want, and God has put you here with these helpless, starving babes, and he has put this burden on your young life simply that you may suffer and be strong. I would help you gladly, but I do not wish to defeat the plans of your Almighty Friend?" You can reason one way, but you would act the other.

I agree with you that work is good, that struggle is essential; that men are made manly by contending with each other and with the forces of nature; but there is a point beyond which struggle does not make character; there is a point at which struggle becomes failure.

Can you conceive of an "Almighty Friend" deforming his children because he loves them? Did he allow the innocent to languish in dungeons because he was their friend? Did he allow the noble to perish upon the scaffold, the great and the self-denying to be burned at the stake, because he had the power to save? Was he restrained by love? Did this "Almighty Friend" allow millions of his children to be enslaved to the end that "the splendor of virtue might have a dark background"? You insist that "suffering patiently borne is a means of the greatest elevation of character and in the end of the highest enjoyment." Do you not then see that your "Almighty Friend" has been unjust to the happy—that he is cruel to those whom we call the fortunate—that he is indifferent to the men who do not suffer—that he leaves all the happy and prosperous and joyous without character, and that in the end, according to your doctrine, they are the losers?

But, after all, there is no need of arguing this question

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further. There is one fact that destroys forever your theory—and that is the fact that millions upon millions die in infancy. Where do they get "elevation of character?" What opportunity is given to them to "suffer and be strong?" Let us admit that we do not know. Let us say that the mysteries of life, of good and evil, of joy and pain, have never been explained. Is character of no importance in heaven? How is it possible for angels, living in "a child's picture," to "suffer and be strong?" Do you not see that, according to your philosophy, only the damned can grow great—only the lost can become sublime?

You do not seem to understand what I say with regard to what I call the higher philosophy. When that philosophy is accepted, of course there will be good in the world, there will be evil, there will still be right and wrong. What is good? That which tends to the happiness of sentient beings. What is evil? That which tends to the misery, or tends to lessen the happiness of sentient beings. What is right? The best thing to be done under the circumstances—that is to say, the thing that will increase or preserve the happiness of man. What is wrong? That which tends to the misery of man.

What you call liberty, choice, morality, responsibility, have nothing whatever to do with this. There is no difference between necessity and liberty. He who is free, acts from choice. What is the foundation of his choice? What we really mean by liberty is freedom from personal dictation—we do not wish to be controlled by the will of others. To us the nature of things does not seem to be a master—Nature has no will.

Society has the right to protect itself by imprisoning those who prey upon its interests; but it has no right to punish. It may have the right to destroy the life of one dangerous to the community; but what has freedom to do with this? Do you kill the poisonous serpent because he knew better than to bite? Do you chain a wild beast because he is morally responsible? Do you not think that the criminal deserves the pity of the virtuous?

I was looking forward to the time when the individual might feel justified—when the convict who had worn the garment of disgrace might know and feel that he had acted as he must.

There is an old Hindoo prayer to which I call your attention: "Have mercy, God, upon the vicious; Thou hast already had mercy upon the just by making them just."

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Is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced ? This, of course, would end in the justification of men. Is not that a desirable thing ? Is it not possible that intelligence may at last raise the human race to that sublime and philosophic height ?

You insist, however, that this is Calvinism. I take it for granted that you understand Calvinism—but let me tell you what it is. Calvinism asserts that man does as he must, and that, notwithstanding this fact, he is responsible for what he does—that is to say, for what he is compelled to do—that is to say, for what God does with him ; and that, for doing that which he must, an infinite God, who compelled him to do it, is justified in punishing the man in eternal fire ; this, not because the man ought to be damned, but simply for the glory of God.

Starting from the same declaration, that man does as he must, I reach the conclusion that we shall finally perceive in this fact justification for every individual. And yet you see no difference between my doctrine and Calvinism. You insist that damnation and justification are substantially the same ; and yet the difference is as great as human language can express. You call the justification of all the world "the Gospel of Despair," and the damnation of nearly all the human race the "Consolation of Religion."

After all, my dear friend, do you not see that when you come to speak of that which is really good, you are compelled to describe your ideal human being ? It is the human in Christ, and only the human, that you by any possibility can understand. You speak of one who was born among the poor, who went about doing good, who sympathized with those who suffered. You have described, not only one, but many millions of the human race. Millions of others have carried light to those sitting in darkness ; millions and millions have taken children in their arms ; millions have wept that those they loved might smile. No language can express the goodness, the heroism, the patience and self-denial of the many millions, dead and living, who have preserved in the family of man the jewels of the heart. You have clad one being in all the virtues of the race, in all the attributes of gentleness, patience, goodness, and love, and yet that being, according to the New Testament, had to his character another side. True, he said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest ;" but what did he say to those who failed to come ? You pour out

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your whole heart in thankfulness to this one man who suffered for the right, while I thank not only this one, but all the rest. My heart goes out to all the great, the self-denying and the good,—to the founders of nations, singers of songs, builders of homes; to the inventors, to the artists who have filled the world with beauty, to the composers of music, to the soldiers of the right, to the makers of mirth, to honest men, and to all the loving mothers of the race.

Compare, for one moment, all that the Saviour did, all the pain and suffering that he relieved,—compare all this with the discovery of anæsthetics. Compare your prophets with the inventors, your Apostles with the Keplers, the Humboldts and the Darwins.

I belong to the great church that holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul.

Most men are provincial, narrow, one sided, only partially developed. In a new country we often see a little patch of land, a clearing in which the pioneer has built his cabin. This little clearing is just large enough to support a family, and the remainder of the farm is still forest, in which snakes crawl and wild beasts occasionally crouch. It is thus with the brain of the average man. There is a little clearing, a little patch, just large enough to practice medicine with, or sell goods, or practice law, or preach with, or to do some kind of business, sufficient to obtain bread and food and shelter for a family, while all the rest of the brain is covered with primeval forest, in which lie coiled the serpents of superstition and from which spring the wild beasts of orthodox religion.

Neither in the interest of truth, nor for the benefit of man, is it necessary to assert what we do not know. No cause is great enough to demand a sacrifice of candor. The mysteries of life and death, of good and evil, have never yet been solved.

I combat those only who, knowing nothing of the future, prophesy an eternity of pain—those only who sow the seeds of fear in the hearts of men—those only who poison all the springs of life, and seat a skeleton at every feast.

Let us banish the shriveled hags of superstition; let us welcome the beautiful daughters of truth and joy.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

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RECENT MOVEMENTS OF THE STOCK MARKET.

It is a mooted point whether the liquidation which followed the collapse of the bull speculation culminating in 1881 was ever thoroughly completed. Some of the most successful operators in Wall street believe that the process of contraction would have run through 1885, and the country been the healthier for it, had it not been artificially arrested by the famous West Shore deal early in that year. No fixed time can be set for the readjustment of values which always follows an era of extravagant expansion. The ten year hypothesis does not bear examination. One year in ten is disastrous, it is said; but the idea that the disastrous years follow each other exactly a decade apart is contradicted by the facts of history.

Eighty-seven years is but a brief space in the life of a nation, but this brief period with us covers the growth of the country from youth to manhood; from a population of less than six millions to one of sixty millions. We began the century in quiet prosperity, which, in 1807, was arrested by Jefferson's embargo policy, and the distresses and embarrassments of that were only exchanged for the worse ones of the war of 1812. When the war closed there started, in 1815, the first of the great "booms," many of which we have had since. It ran wild through 1816–17–18, and culminated in 1819, when a terrible crash in trade and speculation of all kinds spread ruin throughout the land. It was not till 1823 that the country began to pick up again. It worked along upward with comparative steadiness until 1835, when a series of financial and commercial events started the country into another and more extravagant "boom," which collapsed in 1837. There was some recovery in 1839 and 1840, but it was short-lived, and gave way to depression, the lowest point being reached in 1843. From this period the movement was upward, running at last into the extravagance which produced the smash of 1857.

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The recovery from this break was comparatively rapid, as business was in good shape when the war came upon us. The era of expansion following the war collapsed in 1873, and the liquidation was not completed till 1877. Prices were then at their lowest, and from that time they went on rising till the summer of 1881, when the assassination of President Garfield made a turning point. A decline, then begun, continued until the panic of May, 1884. In the July following there was a powerful upward movement in the stock market, but, in October, prices broke, and the market was heavy until in the spring of 1885, when the enormous purchases of securities preparatory to the West Shore deal caused the market to start on an upward movement, which had but temporary interruption until the decline began in June last.

As just stated, some prominent stock operators consider that the upward impulse in 1885 came before its time, and that the liquidation was incomplete, or, at least, there was an unnatural stimulus given to the movement of recovery. The combination of capitalists who united the trunk lines in what was practically one control had to purchase securities on a grander scale than had ever before been known in Wall street. The result was that the whole railroad and financial world felt the upward impulse, and in a few months the managers of nearly every great railroad system in the country were planning extensions and expansions in various forms, and bringing out new issues of bonds bearing only four per cent. interest.

Wall street was made to see the future in a bright and novel light. Not only had the era of depression been passed, but in future money would never be worth more than four per cent., and, of course, all the old stocks and bonds which paid more must inevitably go up. All new bonds of companies in fair credit would be issued at four per cent., and be worth over par; and it is a fact that the Illinois Central refunded some old seven per cent. bonds then falling due at three per cent., and got par for the new issue. It was the cheapness and abundance of money due to trade stagnation, but available at a time when an artificial impulse towards expansion and speculation had been given, which started railroad building forward with a leap and a bound in 1886 and 1887. Large issues of bonds were contracted for; syndicates took them eagerly at high prices, and, in many cases, they have never been able to sell them since at a profit.

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For it inevitably came to pass that as trade was everywhere stimulated by the immense railroad construction, which rose from 3,609 miles in 1885 to over 9,000 in 1886, and will reach almost 12,000 in 1887, the money was drained away from the great central reservoir in which it had stagnated, and as this drain continued, and the demand for the use of money increased, the interest rates based on a congested bank surplus of $50,000,000 or more disappeared with its disappearance. Four per cent. bonds on new roads were no longer sought after by investors, and it finally began to dawn upon Wall street that it had been too hasty in assuming that money in this country would only be worth four cent.

But this discovery did not come in a day, and before it did come the market was carried up through the year 1866, until the bull speculation ran into extravagance in December of that year, which gave that grizzled veteran, Mr. Cammack, a splendid opportunity to attack it. He and his associates waited till the bank reserve surplus had run down to $4,000,000, suddenly tightened money in the customary way, and started a tremendous selling movement just when the market was in a wild ferment of bull activity. There was a great smash. Never was there a greater surprise, for the smash came without sign of warning. Usually, bear operations are started after it has been discovered that some large operators or combination of operators have sold out their stocks under cover of the excitement they have fomented, but in this case there was no waiting. The army of buyers on margin were loaded with all they could carry, and when the first blow was given it found the bull operators with their buying power strained to the utmost. They could buy no more, and the bears had things their own way. They sold the market down with merciless energy. In three days it was all over, and the subsequent rally was made by the very men who had done the breaking. It was a successful movement, and true scientific stock speculation, for they never lost control of the market for a moment, either in breaking or rallying, until the whole operation was complete. The then pending Inter-State Commerce Bill was the bogey used to scare the Street, but the real work was done by the pinch in money.

It was lucky that the smash came in December. Had it been in April or May there would probably have been no recovery

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worth mentioning until after the next crops had been harvested. As it was, there was time to get things together again before the disturbing uncertainties of the crop question should come up. The market gathered strength as the traders and owners plucked up courage. They argued that the December episode was merely a bear raid, temporarily interrupting the natural upward movement of prices. There was truth in this. The railroads were making large earnings, business was active, and speculation in real estate, where the railroad companies had been doing most building, was giving an appearance of rapidly increasing wealth to the sections where it was liveliest. The bull movement increased in force. When May came the market was high. Fond anticipations were indulged in that it was going higher, because the railroads earnings kept up so well. But somehow the market stuck. There were no bears in sight, every one was bullish, no cloud appeared on the financial horizon, and all the financial writers were writing one way, that prices must certainly go up.

Nevertheless, the market would not go up. It fell into dullness and seemed stuck in a rut. The truth was, prices of stocks had been carried as high as they could go, compared with the dividends they paid, or were likely to pay during the year. Money was no longer a drug in the market, and rates of interest showed a tendency to rise, while dividends were still low. Then it was that the Street began to suspect that money would not always remain at four per cent.

Whatever were his real ideas at this time, Mr. Gould's public utterances were strongly bullish, and the Street felt much encouraged as he talked about the big railroad earnings, and hinted that while there had been some extravagant speculation in real estate in the West, yet it was local and would do no harm. This was the first time the Street had had its attention directed to this phase of speculation. Even an operator so inclined to bearish views as Mr. Cammack did not anticipate what was coming later. He rather expected higher prices. Discussing the situation in June, he said he did not think the market had much chance to rise during that month, but about the 10th of August the bank deposits begin to run up, "and then," said he, striking his hands with energy, "then go in and bull them for all they're worth." Within ten days after this conversation the famous corner in June wheat at Chicago broke with disastrous effects. The stock mar-

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ket stood the shock with apparent ease, but its strength was deceptive. The crash had ruined the Fidelity Bank of Cincinnati; the banks throughout the country took alarm and began calling loans; Mr. Cyrus W. Field was caught in the squall with all sail spread, and his Manhattan stock went down with a great smash. Something like panic reigned in the market on Friday, the 24th of the month. The Gould stocks fell violently, and dragged the whole list with them. It was rumored that Mr. Gould was dead; but the Street subsequently got an idea that he was sufficiently alive that day to engineer the whole movement.

From this time until October the market continued to decline, not regularly, but with the usual series of breaks and rallies. The strongest of the rallies was made on the occasion of the Reading syndicate coming to the rescue of the embarrassed Baltimore & Ohio Company with its $5,000,000 loan; but the rally disappointed the Street by the speedy way it exhausted its strength, and when, sometime later, the B. & O. telegraph property was transferred to the Western Union, the consummation of this long-expected trade, upon which such extravagant bull expectations had been founded, produced no rally at all, but a decline instead. The main trouble was with the money market. The banks had received no return flow of money from the West during the summer, and when the usual drain came upon them for the fall crop movement, it found them with depleted reserves. Fearful of what might happen, they weeded out the loans, but more severely curtailed their discounts, preferring to lend their money only on call, and therefore in Wall street, from which alone there is a demand for call loans.

This created a slowly tightening money stringency in commercial circles, and from that direction arose a loud cry for help from the Treasury Department. The Treasury, it was said, had locked up all the money. The Treasury had, in fact, a good many millions less in its vaults than at the corresponding time the previous year; the money had really gone West and South, where the real estate speculations, the great railroad construction, and consequent activity of trade, had absorbed it, or, more correctly, diffused it. However, the Treasury Department came to the assistance of the merchants by buying bonds, at first in a small way, and later by buying $14,000,000 of bonds in a lump. This, and the subsequent increase of government funds in the

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depositary banks, gave the needed relief, and beyond question averted a panic. It tided over the period of most severe stringency, and in the latter part of October the money market became easy. The stock market had just had its last and worst spasm, stocks having averaged on the 15th of the month their lowest prices of the year.

As soon as money became easy, and people carrying stocks were no longer forced to lend them in the market as the readiest way of obtaining it, the whole speculative situation changed. The true policy of the successful bear operators, who were known to be Messrs. Cammack, Bateman, and Jones, should then have been to wind up their bear campaign; and even if they did not care to buy stocks and rally the market, at least to draw of and let others do it. So successful had this combination been in their operations, that if they had chosen to start a bull movement, there is no doubt they could, inside of thirty days, have sent the market upward as rapidly as ever they had put it down. Their success had brought them a large and confident following, and if it had been announced that the great bear combination had agreed the time had come for a reaction, the reaction which soon did come would have been stronger than it was, and the movement would have been under their control as the downward movements had been. Self-control, however, is not so easy after such a period of success as they had had. They pressed too far on the bear side; a powerful combination was made with the bull party in Reading at its head, the market was turned against them and sent rapidly upward on its November bull movement.

The interesting feature of this summer bear campaign is that at no time did the railroads, with only one or two exceptions, report anything but increased gross earnings, and general trade never for a moment seemed to slacken its activity; yet the price of steel rails declined; so did iron, and new bonds became unsalable. So long as railroad earnings increased, and trade showed no falling off, it would have been natural to expect that stocks would rise, and they would have gone on rising had not the original basis of the bull movement been a fallacious one. It was a false theory of the future value of money, or, if it be preferred in that form, of the rates of interest. It was assumed that hereafter 4 per cent. was the maximum that could be expected from investments; therefore any stock reasonably certain of paying 4 per cent. divi-

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dends would be worth par, and good bonds bearing that rate would go up to a 3 or 3½ per cent. basis. The market had been carried up to this limit in May last, when it appeared that while stocks paying 4 per cent were at par, or thereabouts, money could be lent at better rates with these same stocks as collateral on a safe margin, and the prospect was that in the fall there would be a scarcity of money and corresponding high rates for it.

This is what happened, and had not the Treasury given its help when it did, Wall street would have seen money at ½ and 1 per cent. per day before October had passed. It has often been said since that the summer scare about tight money was a delusion; but the proof that it was not, is the fact that the twenty-seven millions or so let out by the Treasury were all absorbed, with the effect of putting the money market in a condition of comparative ease for a time; but as early as November time loans were again at 6 per cent. for thirty days or six months. If this was the condition of the market after the Treasury had given its help, what would it have been had no help been given?

Considering the outlook for the year before us, certain prominent facts have to be borne in mind. Politically, the year is unfavorable to bull speculation, because of the disturbance which comes from a Presidential election, and furthermore, a re-adjustment of the tariff is imperative. The effect of a wise revision must, of course, be favorable to prices, but in the period of transition the uncertainty has a depressing tendency. The corn crop has been the worst since the disastrous year 1881, and the cotton crop has fallen much below expectations. It is the shortage in corn which will hurt the most, for that is the best crop the railroads have to move, and instead of a crop for this season of 2,100 million bushels, we have only one of 1,400 million bushels. The effect on the earnings of the railroads which depend much upon corn for freight cannot fail to be bad. The loss which comes directly from the less quantity of grain carried is the least loss; it is the loss which comes indirectly from the depressing influence of the crop damage on trade in the sections which have been hurt.

In addition to the above, there must be counted against the bull side the certain shrinkage in railroad construction during 1888 as compared with 1887. It is probable there will not be built in the year before us more than one-half the mileage that was built in

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the year past; that is, instead of 12,000 miles of new road, only about 6,000 miles will be built. This, in itself, represents a very great shrinkage in general trade. The total tonnage moved by all the railroads in 1887 is estimated by H. V. Poor at 545 million tons, and in 1886, at 482 million tons; total for the two years, 1,027 million tons. For the two years preceding 1886 the estimated tonnage was only 836 million tons. It is evident from this and other figures that a sudden stride has been made forward in the years 1886 and 1887, and, following the usual precedents, there should be a settling back in 1888.

For this peculiar feature is noted in our industrial progress: that while a ten-year cycle can only be faintly traced, and that by the help of much imagination, there is very plainly defined a two years' period wherein speculation made a sudden rush beyond the rate of progress in the years preceding; that is, the culmination of a period of safe prosperity has been a sudden expansion and extravagant speculation running for two years, and then came the crash. The crash has necessarily been severe in proportion to the wildness of the speculation preceding. General trade seems to have been conducted on a fairly safe basis of late, and the only extravagance has been in railroad building and in Western land speculation. The latter has been pushed to wild excesses, and the reaction will cut deep. Altogether, it would seem that the year 1888 would be less favorable to bull speculation than 1887 had been, but that no severe crash threatens.

CUTHBERT MILLS.

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PRISONER AMONG THE INDIANS.

It was not at all like a prison van, but ample, sufficient, and convenient, "with kitchen, parlor, dining-room, and chambers all complete," like the doll's house of the nursery-rhyme, if somewhat like that, too, in magnitude, with sofas and reclining-chairs, the luxuries of the larder, all the appurtenances of toilet and table, and deft personal service, and the captor and tyrant lurked unseen, unsuspected.

So we went gaily into the wilderness, seeing only the wide, rich plains, with a cabin here and a cottage there; now and then a dusky face watching the train, now and then a plow upturning the fertile furrow; and ever the long lines of iron rail on a turfed and even bank—stiff, straight, slender lines shooting from the horizon, leading all the world's skill and thought and patience of hope and labor of love for a thousand years, into the heart of the wilderness, to a people without a history. And, suddenly, lurid clouds drop low over the plains, threatening, to the uninitiated, tornadoes and the sudden extinction of *our* history, but to the experienced eye of the scoffer representing only the unsentimental outskirts of a sand-storm in Texas!

Along the horizon of the gloaming we are girdled with fire, and between it and us are fences of fire, fierce and beautiful, among which and past which we sweep unharmed.

"That is what becomes of the prairie grass," says the Master of Horse, with unsmothered disgust. "There are 300,000 acres of it burning up, and the cattle perishing for want of food!"

The ignorant ranch-less opens wide eyes of astonishment and inquiry, and the battle instantly begins.

"Every blade of that burning grass is needed for the cattle. They are dying for the lack of it. Texas has dried up. Yes, it belongs to the Indians, and they cannot sell it, but they have a right to rent it, and it was hired from them in good faith and with

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their full consent. They were doing nothing with it. No one was using it. They were glad to let the cattlemen hire it, either at so much per head or so much per acre. The renting of their land brought in to the Indian Government $200,000 a year—$13.50 per capita. Their right to rent it was not, perhaps, exactly guaranteed by the last Administration, but it was certainly so confirmed that there was no doubt of their right to make the contract. We had eighteen thousand cattle feeding there. One man's share in the plant I know was $80,000. Gone. Hurt the land? No. Helped it. Improved the land, helped the cattle-owners, put money into the Indian hands, hurt nobody. Oh! a few of the lazy head men among the Indians, who were trying to get hold of the money themselves and could not, but saw it going where it belonged, to the honest working people, revenged themselves by interfering, made complaint, and Goverment interposed, revoked the action of the preceding government, or, perhaps I ought to say, ignored it. Without the slightest regard to their rights or their fate the cattlemen were ordered off. They were ordered to drive away thousands of cattle and nowhere to drive them. The Texan plains were dry. Here were food and water, and nowhere else. Prairies that are fed out don't burn out, but these were given over to fire and not food. Time was asked, but refused. Lands had been fenced in at great cost but they had to be sacrificed.

"But is there not another side to it?" asked John Halifax, Gentleman. "Is it not an opening for the white man to come into the Indian Territory, and, when he is in, will it not be hard to dislodge him? The Indian owns his land, but only while he occupies it. If he is allowed to rent it, the white man gets an opening wedge,—the shrewd and unprincipled, as well as the honest,—and they burrow in, and screw in, and stick in, like a wood-tick,—to use a simile of the territory,—and make as great an inflammation upon the body politic, and the first you know you have an Indian war upon your hands."

"Not a bit of it. There is nothing to kindle war, nothing to incite war. The Indians want the cattle. It is not in the nature of an encroachment, it is in the nature of a contract. It is not made between man and man, it is made between cattle companies and the Indian Government. They contract of their own free will and get this money for their schools and their courts from lands which are not cultivated, which would otherwise run to

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waste, which do burn up, as you see. The very Indians that gave in to misrepresentations, and went against us, see their mistake now and want us back again; but it is too late. The ranches are broken up. The cattle have been driven here and there, and many of them have died. You will find Indians enough. Ask them about it. See what they say themselves. Ask Mr. Hewitt; he is a Democrat; and see if there is any partisanship or politics about. You are not going to benefit the Indians, or conciliate them, or civilize them, or teach them economy by taking two hundred thousand dollars worth of their property and burning it up before their eyes. You can keep out the law-abiding white man who goes there honorably and openly for traffic; but that does not keep out the law-breaking white man who goes there scoundrelwise to cheat and steal and sell bad whiskey!"

I shudder. I fear that I am going to be interested. I feel myself becoming interested. I do not wish to be interested. I have come to the wilderness to be wild. I long to be, for a season, purely savage; to be a mocking-bird, a deer, a partridge, a panther—anything that does not think and does not care; a part of the swamp and the sky. They call cultivated strawberries tame strawberries here. I wished not to be a tame strawberry, but a wild strawberry; a child of the jungle and not of politics.

Vain hope. Down in the wilderness I am sevenfold more a child of politics than in the cities. For, suddenly, here is a whole new set of politics. I find myself face to face with things which I had always heard of indeed, but only heard of. They were practically as remote as the grass-lands in the hanging gardens of Babylon. Now I tread the turf of another time, another race. A mysterious stream, flowing from what source I know not, descending through ages and continents of conjecture, washes now against my feet. I see its sparkle in the sunshine, I hear the ripple of its unhastening course, nor is wanting a gray sullenness beneath menacing skies, the growl of an obstructed flow, the "melancholy, low, withdrawing roar" of a helpless ebb. I find a nation within a nation; the Anglo-Saxon nation, strong, advancing, controlling, cherishing, surrounding, irresistible: the Indian nation, surrounded, struggling, resolute, rising, suspicious, defiant. It sees the white government powerful and beneficent, white men teaching, civilizing, Christianizing.

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But it sees also white men with faces gleaming greed and hands twitching for fight, impatient to enter upon a vast, rich, a forbidden possession,

"With wolfish eyes
Waiting to see me die."

At home, on the Atlantic shore, I could settle "the Indian question" at the breakfast-table, between oranges and coffee, without a misgiving, and without the slightest friction between plan and execution; I have settled it a hundred times. But, here on the spot, great, grave questions spring from the hills, lurk in the woods, shoot athwart the streams, blaze up on the prairies, stretch from Earth to Heaven! Panther and wild-cat and startled deer go their ways with the beasts that perish, and I cannot go with them. Human souls stand without at the gate, knock at the doors of the mind demanding to be admitted, demanding that their claims be presented, because they are human beings, children of our Father in Heaven.

The Prohibition Law exists in fullest force in the Indian Territory, both by Indian law and United States Treaty law. The whole legal power of both nations is bent on keeping whiskey away from the Indians and out of the territory.

"And is it really kept out?"

"They swim in it!"

We go to "town." There are no streets. The buildings stand anywhere, askew. A few cabins, a few decent cottages, all very small, some with little attempts at decoration. There is no sign of what Massachusetts would call a town;—only a few small, faded, shabby business buildings scattered around in the dust, the few small dwelling houses scattered around in the pasture. There are no roads. There can be no roads, because a man may fence wherever he will within a certain distance of his neighbor's fence; and what is a road to-day may be barred by a four-foot fence to-morrow. So the wagons are made to fit the country and the Government—made, I should say, to ride equally well upside down and right side up. Certainly that is the way we seem to be going. Four mules draw us untiringly, not to say friskily—sidling into a gully, jolting over a stump, dashing down a terrace, whisking around a corner, barking against a tree, pitching into a hollow, splashing across a "hog-wallow," then a crash and

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a splintering, and one mule is dancing out at right angles with the rest, and all jumping different ways, and we bump along somewhat more energetically, and I don't know whether it is a part of the performance and to laugh, or an accident and to scream, for it is only a little wilder jiggle, a little harder bounce against the tree trunks; but I see that the Commander has taken one set of lines, while the driver keeps the other, and both are pulling with all their might, and I am inclined to think that things do not always go thus and that it is a runaway; while a philosophical little lady, always philosophical, and with a turn for investigation, begins, with scientific dispassionateness, "Carl, why do Bessie and Jack take that peculiar gait?" and suddenly we are brought to a standstill, and the drivers leap out and the barn doors of the wagon are flung quickly open and the passengers bidden and brought afoot out with marvelous celerity, and then I see that we were on the brink of a catastrophe and ought to have been scared, but it was only a very slight exaggeration of ordinary charioteering in the Indian Territory!

Our objective point is an Indian home—a trim little cottage in the woods, quite in the woods, a tiny lawn with flower-beds in front, neatly marked with white-washed rounded large pebbles. I have a misgiving as to my reception. Will not Madam Squaw surely divine that I have come out of curiosity, and will she not resent the motive and resist the act? She emerges from her front door and advances lightly and erect down her straight path to the ambulance, the Dougherty wagon, the upside-downer—Oh! comes she in peace or comes she in war? thumps my guilty, cowardly heart, and lo! it might be a Scotch woman fresh from the heather, or a Vermont farmer's wife, slender, energetic, self-reliant;—abundant, soft, light brown hair, a face keen, almost sharp, light fair complexion, blue eyes, dress of the country farm, neat and simple, and an air not merely of complete self-possession, but of recognized authority and command. My squaw is certainly a woman of parts and power.

She is full of hospitality and welcomes us as one who is glad to see us and to converse with her peers where peers are few. She has well defined ideas on all subjects—morals and manners and politics, laws and newspapers; the mutual duty of the United States Government and of the Indian Government; their sins of omission and sins of commission. The Marquis of Hartington is not

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more proud of his blood. She recounts but casually her kin of high degree and the height of their degree and their estate. Her grandmother rode in her own carriage at Washington and ate State dinners at the White House. A Senator of the United States is her cousin. Scotch and American are in her blood, but "I am a right smart of a Cherokee, too," she declares with laughing insistence. All the reticence of the Indian is submerged under the Scotch-American inflow of blood and outflow of talk.

I am not more eager to ask than is she to convey information. She is intensely patriotic and political. Her sons, one a Senator, and her daughters, sit by interested and sometimes amused, and listening always to their mother with manifest affection and respect. She is unquestionably chief and *Matriarch* in her own family, and amply and easily fills the position. Like her the sons show no stronger sign of the Indian than their abundance of rather auburn hair. They are half-breeds, but might travel through the most inquisitive New England village without being suspected.

Their house is well furnished—carpet, books, pictures, parlor organ, vases. If I felt at liberty to investigate, no doubt I should find somewhere a frieze of defunct sun-flowers, a dado of cat-tails, some Japanese fans and a portiere.

"The Indians are coming. Don't you hear their warwhoop?" cries one next day at my chamber door.

I put on my war-paint and go down. Indians again! The Princess Pocahontas, dark, but comely, tall and strong and commanding, and with a gayety of heart, certainly with a gayety of address destructive of the Indian ideal. Gayety of dress also—a bonnet, upspringing in conventional yellow efflorescence, to the exact appointed height, and of the tint to match her brunette stateliness, figure becorseted and bedraped and begloved as faultlessly as if Worth had had the making of her, as he did, for aught I know. And the Young Brave beside her, dark, handsome, courteous, in Prince Albert coat and everything else as princely, might well have turned the heart of any Hanoverian princess of them all, were not the English heart already preoccupied by the more congenial charms of Buffalo Bill. Accompanying them, a veritable Fair One, with Locks of Gold—palest gold—a blonde maiden and no Fairy—no Indian either, but the daughter and the granddaughter of missionaries who have accompanied these Cherokees in their outgoings and incomings for generations—from

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Georgia to Tennessee, from Tennessee to the Indian Territory, in South Carolina and in Florida; whithersoever these wanderers fled, thither fled with them the beneficent missionaries, feeding, teaching, guiding, consoling, sustaining. And as I observe the delicate pale face, the crowning corn-silk hair, the soft refinement of costume, the gentle cultivated voice, the modest bright intelligence of words and mien and manner, the noble level of purpose, too simple and matter of course to be held forth or hidden, I behold a new revelation of the ways of God with His world. My Princess Pocahontas and her Young Brave are the strong, native, agile folk, nearer akin to earth. My daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair, not only teaches, but is to them a word of the other world. When I look into her gentle face I marvel that she can dwell content in the wilderness, but she smiles back, not martyr wise, but amused, and says: "Why, it is my life."

And I mind me of one who made the self-same answer once upon a time, but to whom "life" meant the arrangement of dull hues and limp folds and lank outlines, and no hues are too dull, and no folds fall lankly enough to represent the meagre and awful shrinkage of that "life" before the eternal beauty and holiness of such consecration as this. We may differ regarding creeds and frankly admit "the future all to us unknown," but creeds and non-creeds recognize the nobleness of self-dedication to the service of humanity, and by that token humanity itself rises Godward.

The Creek lands adjoin those of the Cherokees. It is a charming drive thither. A bland and beautiful afternoon, a placid and smiling river, across which we are ferried to the climbing wooded bank beyond. It is true that, when we return, the ferryman will be drunk, relapsed into his surliest Indian mood, and unable or unwilling to ferry us across; but we do not know it, and we shall not know it even when it happens, for the United States army will come down like the shepherd from the fold, with another wagon to the river bank, and, leaving ours on the further side for the night, will ferry over the wandering sheep with their own hands, under the weird light of flaring bonfires which they have kindled, and which set black river and sky, lurid green trees, and moving figures of men in the memory forever.

After prairie fires, the grass springs up again green and

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smooth. In the woods the huge grapevines swing down like cables from the highest trees, and require much close observation and skill in the driver who would avoid them. Tree and sward and bank and bush are all alive with white and pink and purple bloom, which bee and bird have been swift to find; so the fragrance is filled with music, too. It would be hard to recall a fairer landscape than that where Creek and Cherokee touch hands and lands. Nature here is gracious, and in the heart of civilization does not wear an aspect more soft and smiling. It is difficult to believe that we are not in a populous and cultivated country. The smooth, verdurous hills, level fields stretching afar; here and there the roof of a cottage on a hillside or in a niche of the woods, fat cattle feeding tranquilly on the open plain, and resting content under clumps of shade; here and there a group of traders on horseback, under picturesque broad-brimmed hats, chatting among the herd or meeting us four abreast where the kindly woods open wide enough, and over us the soft pink enchantment of the sunset sky, and the white and landless looks on with itching palms.

Our Creeks are less masterful than our Cherokees—less vindictive, too, I heard it said—more reticent and retiring, but equally cordial and hospitable. Equally equipped, also, I observe, with the *impedimenta* of civilized coat and collar, dolman and panier, and close-fitting kid gloves. Equally familiar with Indian and United States politics; equally alive to the advantage of being an Indian if you must be in the Indian Territory; equally shrewd to discern the power and property inherent in a four-foot fence well set with stake and rider! All their appointments of house and garb, while simple, as must be in this frontier land, yet indicate easy circumstances, independence, cultivation.

I should say that the Cherokees hold themselves a little higher than the other Nations—the Bostonians of the Indian Territory—and that the other nations know it, half admit it, play upon it a little, but not resentfully. One Creek family was in great glee because their little Creek girl had carried off the honors of repartee at the Seminary. The teacher had put the question: which were the most advanced in learning and the arts of civilization. The Cherokee girls waited proudly for the only possible answer, "the Cherokees." The Creek girls waited disdainfully, expecting the shot, but none the less ready to fight for their good

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name. The little Creek paused a moment, securing vantage-ground, and then piped up blithely, "the Whites!" Creek and Cherokee "caught on," and joined in a hearty laugh, and thus the Indian Territory keeps step to the music of the Union, and woman's wit saves the day.

So sensible are these people of the importance of education that some of their best families, who are so remote or otherwise so circumstanced as to be unable to send their children to suitable schools, employ a governess at home. The best books are on their shelves and the second best, and what is this? A huge volume of unmistakable antiquity—dark tinted, rough to the touch, smelling of the centuries; perfect and matchless old English lettering. It is a Holy Bible of the time of Queen Elizabeth! Massive, splendid, royal with the imprint of that last of the old-time Queens. Its title-page bears the verifying date of 1585, and Archbishop Cranmer furnishes the stately preface. It has, moreover, come down to these Creek Indians by lineal descent, in direct line, from the kith and kin of Washington! The family record on its pages without a single break attests this fact, and ten chubby children playing on the grass bear the familiar names which every school history has made familiar from Maine to California, Archbishop Cranmer and Queen Elizabeth and George Washington saluting each other in a tepe. I do not believe even the poet's eyes of Mr. Tennyson beheld so rare a vision, so grand a manner, as this, when, upon shining fields, he saw

> "The red man dance
> By his red cedar-tree!"

It is the evening of Easter Sunday and the United States army invites me to go to church. I gladly accept, but in spite of Creek heredity and Choctaw civility, I have learned somewhat in my captivity that would incline me not to go under any less powerful escort.

"Is there really any danger?" had been asked. "Cannot one go about here as freely as anywhere?"

"Within this Fort," answered the Flag of my Country proudly, "your life is as safe as it is in Massachusetts. Outside of this Fort it is not—quite. That is all that can be said."

That I fear must be said. The Indians manifest no hostility to our Government—at least I found only the most friendly

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eagerness toward it, a deprecation of its interference against the Indian autonomy, but rather too great an inclination to look to it for help to be quite consistent with entire Indian independence The personal private relations of the surrounding Indians with the soldiers seems to be altogether and thoroughly friendly. The Indians seem to feel an assurance of the justice and of the intelligence of the soldier quite apart from their respect for him as representative of a power entirely capable of resenting and punishing an injury. Drunkenness is the only thing that a United States citizen among them need fear danger from, and even drunken, an Indian seldom fails to remember the majesty of United States law. His Honor the Mayor, for instance, is a martinet. He holds the law strict and stern over the evil and the good, and keeps "the town" in order. Except the prohibitory law. That defies his best efforts, and by hook or by crook the rivers run whiskey of the worst concoction. But His Honor the Mayor does not selfishly permit himself to be exempt from the penalty of the law whose violation he cannot prevent. He dooms himself to the drink which he cannot exclude. Under the spell of this illegal intruder he is currently reported to have slain five men, "and he is bringing up a family of boys the same way," says a peaceful woman with a sigh.

"Oh, no," interposes her husband, briskly; "they are under good discipline."

"Why, I heard they were desperately bad boys!"

"No, indeed! They behave very well. They have to. If they did not he would shoot them!"

Of course he keeps order in the town.

Yet, when suffering radically from violation of the prohibitory law, he still discerns the difference between an Indian citizen and a Federal soldier. One such, a belated Cromwellian Roundhead, shot all to pieces in the war of the rebellion, and as jolly and boyish as if his mother had tucked him up in bed every night of his life, had the misfortune to be unable to make his Honor understand that the latter had fixed too early a date for certain bids, and that his monetary interests were therefore not pressing, failed also to make him understand that the United States army chose not to bet with him a bottle of poison-whiskey that the Mayoral memory was correct, declined also to go out with him and buy and drink said whiskey in honor of a victory purely

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phantasmic. Life had been laid low for less cause than this by that red-brown hand, but with a Soldier of the Legion his Honor inclined to mercy's side, and permitted himself to be coaxed out, harmless, into the dizzy air, upon the staggering earth, under the swimming sky.

The Doctor came in one day looking grave. His Honor the Mayor was very ill—of pneumonia. "Pneumonia, the scourge of the Indian Territory," my Lady Squaw admitted, though why, in that dry, warm, sunny air, I fail to see.

There was genuine sympathy at the Fort. His Honor, though his spiritual evolution was not yet complete, except in a frivolous sense of the word, had his trustworthy points. "He would give me his last penny if I were in trouble," said an appreciative soldier, who was sure never to be in that trouble. I followed his case with deep interest, trying even to peer into the next world, for what hope was there for him in this? What tireless, tender, intelligent nursing was there to hold him up against the onset of an insidious and terrible foe, and how much of being would wrench itself free when the foe had cloven these strong bonds of earth—falling back to earth. What could there be in the unseen world that this untutored soul should desire?

Nursing! One day he lay on the bed, with his boots on, one lung closed, the other clogged, panting for breath.

The second day he lounged on the piazza and had his bed made.

The third day he was at a cattle round-up!

I refused to believe he had been ill at all.

"He was ten times sicker than YOUR invalid!" vouched the United States army.

A naïve illustration of the respect in which the United States is held was offered at a trial in court. A year or two ago Sixkiller, Captain of the United States Indian Police, was shot and wounded by some young Cherokee braves in a fit of drunken revenge. The defense of the young men was that they thought they were just shooting at the Indian police! That Sixkiller was also a United States officer they did not know. Even this knowledge, however, I regret to say, did not suffice long to save his life, and this efficient Federal officer was last winter shot down and killed in cold blood for diligent performance of his duty.

But the chief danger to white visitors is from stray bullets,

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and that is not large. Except for that it is also safe to take a lantern to light us through the thickets, swamps, and holes on the way back from church. It is but partly a joke that men dare not carry a lantern at night, because it affords a mark to shoot at! It is but partly a joke that the Indian Territory goes to bed at candle-light for fear of shots being fired at lighted windows! "Well," said one, shamefacedly, after being well hunted down for the truth, there *was* awhile ago over at Tahlequah or Muscagee or somewhere—there was some trouble, and folks did not light up much for awhile, but I believe they have got over it now."

I really fear that we shall be late to church!

GAIL HAMILTON.

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ANGLO-AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.

SOME years ago I devoted much time to the question of international copyright, and withdrew from the Executive Committee of the Copyright League only when convinced, after long delay, that the views of the majority could then lead to no practical result. These views, I am now gratified to learn, have been so modified as to give promise of early action in the direction then so generally opposed. In the absence of decided action here, meanwhile, there has been a revival of the discussion in England, originating chiefly from the publication of Mr. Pearsall Smith's project in the *Nineteenth Century*. This project has challenged the attention of so many distinguished Englishmen that the discussion of its merits cannot be ignored by Americans, and for this reason I gladly adopt Mr. Gladstone's friendly suggestion by letter to follow up the recent discussion in England on this side of the Atlantic. In carrying out the suggestion of one so distinguished both in the spheres of literature and of statesmanship it became necessary to invite the opinions of some representative men in this country, and in order to supplement the discussion in England to furnish them with a kindred text. This was done by forwarding for criticism to certain gentlemen interested in copyright the subjoined paper by Mr. Pearsall Smith, containing his most matured views. The comments are appended.

In justice to the writers, I should add that the necessary limitation of space has confined them to a bare record of their verdict, and denied them the opportunity of adequately presenting their reasons.

There being no time to await Mr. Gladstone's contribution by ordinary course of mail, he kindly favored us with a brief statement of his views in the following cable dispatch :

HAWARDEN, *December* 8, 1887.

RICE, NEW YORK.

I earnestly hope for an international copyright between the two countries, meaning simply for British works in America,

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American in Britain. To substance: it would be copyright by royalty, not copyright by monopoly. As to method, I cannot believe it too difficult for practical men to adjust. As to objects, I not only think freedom will, in this, as in other things, give the natural, which is the lowest legitimate price, but also regard the measure as a new and strong tie between the nations whose union I so heartily desire. GLADSTONE.

In reply to those who deprecate the presentation of this issue at the present time, I need only say, with Dr. Holmes, that "it is a special issue over which the general question may be fought as well as on any other." ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

NEARLY two generations have passed in efforts to procure from Congress an international copyright law. During this time vested interests in the republication of English books have so grown, that it becomes more difficult with each year to secure a favorable consideration of the measure. The publishing business, once confined to a few houses in the Eastern States, has extended to the Western cities, where new literary centres rapidly multiply the difficulty of passing any measure which may result in confining the business to a few Eastern publishers, or probably to American branches of London houses, with the further consequence of immensely raising the prices of reprinted books. In practical politics, the withdrawal of any privilege once allowed, raises up against any consenting statesman just so many opponents of his re-election as there are injured clients. Their clamor is liable to drown the gentle voice of national ethics.

American readers would gladly accord English writers fair compensation, could it be done without materially advancing, for the benefit of middlemen, the prices of their books. This obligation is especially pressed upon us since the ratification of recent treaties, by which reciprocal privileges have been conferred upon the citizens of all European states, Holland excepted. The British Government, under an act passed for the purpose, by a simple "Order in Council," may bestow on Americans the same privileges which Congress shall confer on English copyright owners. This places responsibility for the present mutual uncompensated republication of books wholly upon the United States.

The interests involved in the republication of English works,

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in countries speaking foreign languages, are very small compared with those represented in reprint for readers having the same language, literary traditions and tastes. Probably the number of British reprints in America is a hundred times greater than that of all the Continental republications together. There is not a full parallel between the cases, and these foreign arrangements do not affect the weighty objections of American readers to a publishers' restricted sale, such as that recommended by the Berne "*Conference Internationale*" of September, 1885, now generally adopted in Europe. A law which would increase the cost of newspapers tenfold would not be endured in Great Britain, and one similarly increasing the cost of modern English books would be little less intolerable to Americans.

The standard English price of a new three-volume novel is one and a half guineas; but, after a time, a cheaper edition is often issued; and, when the copyright has run out the price goes down to a shilling, often six pence, for a neat edition.* The book, successful in England, is at once published in America, at from ten cents to a dollar. It is often issued by several publishers, Mr. Haggard's "She" appearing at once from a dozen houses. The more publishers that compete, under fair conditions, the better it is for authors and readers. The American sales of a popular book are from ten to fifty times those of the first London issue. When later and cheaper English editions are issued, the sale is of course enlarged; but a book rarely goes to a low price during the copyright, which extends through the author's lifetime and thirty years after.

This English system of high prices and small sales is acknowl-

*The contract cost of printing, paper, and binding of a three-volume novel is eight pence a volume. In other words, the three volumes that sell at $7.50, (or, where booksellers allow buyers 25 per cent. discount at $5.63,) cost to manufacture 48 cents. If we assume a sale of a thousand copies the difference between 48 cents and $7.50 will be distributed somewhat thus: Stereotyping, per copy, 40 cents; copyright, at 15 per cent. on the wholesale price, 67 cents; booksellers' discount, $3; remainder to publisher, $2.95; total, $7.02; *printing, paper, and binding*, 48 *cents;* total, $7.50. It is evident that the stereotyping cost would disappear after the first thousand copies, and thereby the publisher's share would be increased to $3.35; and that, conversely, on a sale of only five hundred copies, the item of stereotying would be doubled, reducing the publisher's share to $2.55. Out of this publisher's remainder of $2.55 to $3.35 per copy, come the costs of advertising, press-copies, and office expenses; but the editions are usually so small the unsuccessful books so many, that the net returns are less than might be supposed.

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edged by the "Incorporated Society of Authors" to be the survival of an intolerable abuse. It has been abandoned in France, where the best books are at first issued at 3½ francs, or 70 cents, per volume, and where editions often run into hundreds of thousands, instead of the mere thousands or hundreds of the English press, one result being some of the largest returns to authors known in the history of literature. Intrenched in immemorial custom and vested interests, the English publisher will probably continue in the grooves of custom to his own disadvantage and the measureless loss of millions, who find in him an obstructive of literature rather than a free channel of its distribution. The men of small means can only buy books that are out of copyright, the monuments of a past generation; they survey the fresh feast, but dine on cold meats.

We find in England two classes of publishers, one issuing books at excessive prices for circulating libraries and the wealthy few; the other supplying older books, of good type, paper, and binding, at from one-sixtieth to one-tenth their original price. Standard novels, first published at 1½ guineas, now out of copyright, are sold at six pence, or even less. A complete Shakespeare is sold for six pence. A conspicuous instance of the effect of open competition is found in Tauchnitz's Leipsic editions. Tauchnitz's fortune was largely made by republications of British works. He gave, at forty cents apiece, volumes which in England often cost four dollars. His editions are estimated at from 10,000 to 25,000 copies, an issue vastly exceeding the numbers usually sold of the high-priced English editions. The volumes are models of type and printing, the favorites of continental travelers; but though Baron Tauchnitz pays copyright to every author, his reprints are outlaws in England. The excursionist, returning from the continent, must have his baggage specially searched for "Tauchnitz," dynamite, and tobacco. The writer, in 1886, visited in Constantinople a Greek book-seller, who stated that he was a large purchaser of the Franklin Square reprints of English authors; and in India booksellers are compelled by excessive British prices to trade in American reprints.

While we have waited for absolute copyright, two generations of authors have passed away unrewarded by America for gifts that are beyond measure. Shall the present generation in like manner weary out their lives in waiting, or shall a modification,

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giving less than they claim, but, in the opinion of experts, a practical equivalent, establish the principle of compensation to foreign authors and, with the outworks in possession, have the vantage ground for gaining, if it be ever possible, the ultimate demand of absolute, unconditioned copyright? The practical English authors have seen this danger, and seem greatly in favor of the scheme set forth in the *Nineteenth Century* for November.

We fully appreciate the position of those, who, jealous of the principle of ownership in the work of their genius, would have the absolute rights they claim, at any cost to readers and to Western publishers, since "right is right." But these remedies may transfer the wrong to vested interests long protected by law. The foreign possession of exclusive copyrights by selected publishers would fatally damage many centres of enterprise. Nor would it end here. No ingenuity can prevent English houses, openly or in disguise, holding their books in America by means of branches, and thus snatching from Americans the whole republishing business. That they would then establish English high prices, is proved by their own candid public acknowledgment, and by the fact that in the face of French example they continue their own system. The 100,000,000 low-priced reprints circulated here within a few years, and to be reissued in the next decades, would be contracted to 10,000,000. None can estimate what would be the loss to the lonely rancher in Dakota, the humble freedman at the South, and the poor student eager for a library of his own made unpurchasable by legislation.

But, further, were we to grant an Anglo-American copyright system which should fix on us the English system and prices, we must pay intermediaries between author and reader the sum of about eight dollars for every dollar which would reach the author.*

* *From a responsible printer's estimates:*	20 cent edition. (On 20,000.)		$1 edition. (On 5,000.)		$1.50 edition. (On 5,000.)	
Stereotyping, per copy....	$1\frac{4}{10}$ cents	5 cents	$3\frac{5}{10}$ cents	43 cents	6 cents	43 cents
Printing, paper, binding...	$3\frac{6}{10}$ cents		$19\frac{3}{10}$ cents		26 cents	
Discount to retailer	8 cents	15 cents	40 cents	$1.07	60 cents	$1.07
Remainder to publisher (increased in larger editions)	7 cents		$37\frac{2}{10}$ cents		58 cents	
	20 cents		$1.00		$1.50	
The gross margin of publishers' profits will be absorbed by cost of stereotyping in	4,250 copies		450 copies		500 copies	

It will thus be seen that should Congress grant a copyright which would raise 20-cent books to the prices of similar American works, say $1.50, we must pay the author, publisher, and vendors 92 cents more than on the purchase of a 20-

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It must be remembered that the extra profit essential to publishers at home to pay for ventures of unsuccessful books is not required in the case of foreign reprints, where only already tested books of almost certain sale are selected.

We want the vital force of healthful, open competition, to give us books at the lowest prices that would compensate the commercial houses which vie for our patronage; and in any form consistent with this, American readers would gladly consent to a moderate addition to the cost of reprints. But reformers will have to wait long before they obtain any law that might make the wealthy and powerful London publishers autocrats of the distribution of English writings in America without additional profit to authors.

Is there an alternative?

In the November number of the *Nineteenth Century* is a plan, which was proposed in 1872 by Sir Charles Trevelyan,* and which

cent edition; and of this additional 92 cents only 13 cents (or the difference between copy-money at 2 cents and 15 cents a copy) would reach the author. On every 100 copies we must pay $9.20 in order to reach the author with $1.30—like a mismanaged endowment, where only a tithe of the provision reaches the beneficiaries. The force of this consideration is increased, when it is found by well attested facts that, practically, in the case of successful books, by so much as the price is reduced, is the sale increased, and doubtless even more. For every popular book sold at $1.50, giving the author 15 cents, at least fifteen copies could be sold at 20 cents, giving the author 30 cents for tithe, the usual percentage in America. Still further, we may add that popular books are mostly issued in America in library form, as well as in cheap quartos, and on these superior styles the author would receive a proportionate return. A very successful American author found the sale of his works in library form, which had been declining, greatly increased by an issue in cheap form, thus giving him double returns.

* He wrote to Mr. Longman, the publisher:—

"I am persuaded that Mr. Appleton's bill will not pass. The Americans will never submit to an absolute monopoly on the part of foreign authors and their assignees, so that they might fix the price of their books without fear of competition; *nor in my opinion is it right* [the italics are his] that it should be so either in the United States or Canada. Such an absolute monopoly is only possible under the protection of the municipal law of the countries in which the books were originally produced. As regards other countries, the owners of the copyrights must be content with some more general acknowledgement, which, like the circle in the water, would increase in diffusion as it decreased in intensity. . . . The people of the United States will not invest any person with the power of indefinitely enhancing the price of the books upon which they and their children have been nourished. There is now every disposition to admit the just claims of English authors, but not by means of a monopoly. . .

"The author's royalty might be fixed at ten per cent. on the retail price. At home he would continue to get whatever might be prescribed by the municipal law

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is now indorsed by the written approval of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, the Duke of Argyll, Archdeacon Farrar, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Sir Thomas Farrer, Mr. Walter Besant, and Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. It has already found support in influential quarters in our own country. This bill was drafted at the suggestion of an American statesman and author, and claims the careful consideration of Congress.

of his own country, but to whatever extent his works might be reprinted abroad, it would be under license from the respective governments, and his percentage would be paid before a single copy was permitted to be sold." . . . Again "I maintain that this principle of a monopoly, while it does great harm in England, is simply impossible in America, some other principle must be adopted."

"I think that it [Protected Copyright with Free Trade Competition] is the only principle which furnishes a practicable basis for a convention with the United States. . . . . It appears to me that that principle of monopoly is totally inapplicable to these new countries where the English language is spoken and read by multitudes. The difference between the position of Authors and that of Publishers underlies the whole subject, and it is better to have it out at once. It is for the interest of the author that his works shall be sold everywhere and by anybody. It matters not to him who his publishers are, or whether there is one or a hundred; in fact for him the more the better; the greater the competition among publishers the better for the author." *Report of Royal Commission on Copyright.*

The principle of Royalty was passed upon adversely by the Royal Commission as regards *home* copyright alone, with which all parties agree. In regard to its application to foreign copyright no opinion was expressed by the Royal Commission, which printed long testimony in its favor, as well as strong recommendations by two of the Commissioners.

The following is from the individual reports of Royal Copyright Commissioners:

"A monopoly should never be created with the view of remunerating a person or a class, if that object can be effected without it; the profits of authorship are one thing, and the profits of publication another, and even if some form of monopoly is necessary to protect the first, it is equally desirable in the interest of the author and in that of the public, that the profits of publication, which are purely of a commercial character, should be regulated and controlled by the ordinary laws of trade.

"The only method which has been suggested by which the interests of the author can be effectually disengaged from that of the publisher is the royalty system, and it is contended that under the operation of free competition between publishers, the author and the public would be alike benefited, the first by an extended circulation of his works, and the second by a reduction of their cost.

"The royalty system has the further advantage of affording, as it seems to me, the best means by which international copyright can be systematically and usefully extended."—*Separate Report by Sir Louis Mallet, C. B., p. li.*

"While anxious to establish for writers to the fullest extent, and in all countries, a right of property in their works, I am of opinion that this protection once secured, the traffic in books, as a manufactured commodity, should fall within the ordinary laws of political economy."—*Separate Report by Sir H. Drummond Wolff, K. C. M. C., M. P., p. xlvi.*

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The plan offers all the advantages of open competition, and therefore low prices for the reader, while it yet secures to popular American and English authors mutually, by an open royalty system, as much remuneration as is promised by any other plan.

While various elements are being developed into the ideal system which shall satisfy all interests—a result hardly to be expected in any near future—this plan is proposed which would at least save to American and English authors, year by year, moneys now justly due them. Under the proposed law a foreign author would share all the advantages of a native author, save that of limiting the issue to one publisher. The foreign author must supply receipt stamps, representing 10 per cent.* on the retail price, royalty to any publisher, within thirty days after their price is tendered; every book sold must contain this author's receipt stamp bearing a fac-simile of his signature. The author must deliver stamps on the conditions mentioned, under penalty of losing his copyright moneys; the bookseller forfeits ten times the retail price of every copy sold by him without the stamp, the prosecutor to have one-half, the government the other half of this fine, in addition to liability to the author for general damages. A different stamp, bearing the name and date of periodicals licensed, can be, by special arrangement, printed with the type. For forged stamps the publisher is liable to criminal prosecution in addition to the action for damages. Publishers are also responsible for accurate reproduction of originals. The present import duty makes the manufacture in this country cheaper than importation.

The details of the measure have been drawn up with care, and scrutinized by experienced statesmen, both English and American. The proposal has received approval as an emergency measure. It should be observed that a large margin is left for private contract, and, especially, that by the thirty days' provision, (a fortnight for transmission of stamps being allowed,) the publisher selected by a foreign author would be secured about six weeks for exclusive issue over all competitors, instead of remaining liable, as now, to be undersold within a few days of issue.

This method of protection is simple and automatic. It makes every purchaser, whether wholesale or retail, an interested de-

* This was stated before the Royal Commission by Mr. G. H. Putnam to be nearly always the basis of contracts with native authors in America. (Section 1,910.)

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fender of the author's rights. A writer will have as many possible agents to protect his interests as he has purchasers of his books. A similar stamp system is already in operation in the United States for protection of patent rights. Forgery of stamps is made impossible by a title page pointing out the forger.

In this article we are limited by the space to a consideration of international copyright in literature, but the development of the plan would include the mutual international protection of engravers, dramatists, and musical composers.

To every plan for the international protection of authors some objections will be found. Any legal adjustment can at best only be recommended as that which involves the fewest difficulties. The method here proposed may not be without minor disadvantages, but it offers an overwhelming balance of advantages. It will be improved in details, and it is not rash to say that it has a fair prospect of success in Congress, because, while solving the international difficulty, it obviates all the prominent and essential objections to the plan so often rejected. American writers naturally might prefer to have the prices of reprints advanced to the full standard of home issues, but for this, since it would not really increase the compensation to English authors, they can now scarcely hope. It will be for their interest to accept a modification, giving a small increase in the price of British republications, and securing to them at once a substantial royalty in Great Britain for their own books. We may confidently state that the tendency of literature is toward an equalization of the number of reprints on the two sides of the Atlantic. Seventy years ago our list of American novelists was a short one—Charles Brockden Brown. Now there are hundreds. An equal increase, proportionate to the past would, in two generations, give America a preponderance.

If we now refuse a plan which an English editor has named "an olive branch," we may some day sue for it in vain.

It is hoped that in future the democracy of the Anglo American republic of literature will be found willing contributors to the support of those who lay them under measureless obligations by the products of their thought, without the sacrifice either of full remuneration to authorship or of economical access to the best books. Literature is a commonwealth, from the privileges of which none should be excluded by any artifical enhancement of

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cost, through needless legislative interference with the laws of demand and supply.

It is the highest concern of a free people that the powers of its citizens should have full development, noble training, and unstinted scope. The world's inheritance of wisdom is none too great to feed a citizen who is to bear his part in the labor of the coming time. He who builds a wall of needless restriction to keep our growing people from any source of educational advantage, commits an offense against the future of democracy and of the world. It would be strange indeed if we, who pride ourselves on holding the free school as a necessity of national existence, should be found mocking those whom we have taught to read by putting books beyond their reach.

R. PEARSALL SMITH.

COMMENTS.

I.

I CAN hardly hope to live to see an international copyright law established, but I hope and trust that another generation will

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not suffer the present system of injustice to authors to remain as it now stands.

As to Mr. Pearsall Smith's proposal, it is a special issue over which the general question may be fought as well as on any other ground. A wrong remains to be righted, and any step tending toward that result is better than leaving it undisturbed.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

II.

I HAVE read with interest the article on international copyright in the *Nineteenth Century*. I do not see that the proposed plan is a complete solution of an exceedingly difficult question involving moral as well as financial considerations, but it seems to me worthy of the attention of authors and publishers.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

III.

AMERICAN authors desire royalty payments to English authors partly in justice to the latter, partly to protect themselves against the competition of cheap pirated reprints. Were English books sold here at English prices, they would practically vanish from our market, leaving American authors a clear field. Sold at American prices, however, whatever advantage they had over ours would arise from their superior merit. If Mr. Smith's plan attains this end, I advocate it. American authors might also benefit by lowering the price of their books, and not confining themselves to one publisher. Contract difficulties and insecurities could be remedied.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

IV.

I CANNOT put in one hundred words what I wish to say about international copyright, but I can put in much less my sense of the importance of Mr. R. Pearsall Smith's clumsy and cranky proposal in the *Nineteenth Century* Magazine. Mr. Huxley has sufficiently exposed its character. The only magnitude it has is the colossal impudence of Mr. Smith's assumption to speak for American authors or publishers, and to extend an "olive branch" from the United States. He is evidently put forward by the same interests that have heretofore defeated international copyright, for the sole purpose of defeating it again. He represents the Ameri-

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can people as conscienceless graspers of goods, cheap, because not paid for, and the indorsement he receives from English politicians and two or three authors is enough to make every American blush for shame; for it is on the contemptuous ground that we are a nation of thieves, and that anything that can be got out of us is clear gain. I know of nothing else so humiliating as Mr. Smith's article and the English comments on it. His argument against international copyright is an argument against all copyright. His impracticable plan is not worth discussion.

The United States is the only civilized nation, except Russia, I believe, now standing out of a copyright union. I think the American people would not continue the disgrace of their position if they understood it. The case is perfectly simple. A man raises a bale of cotton in Texas. His property right in it follows it in all lands, subject to local laws and regulations. We ask this acknowledgment of property right in the product of brains—the same for books that is given to inventions. Tariffs and conditions of printing are separate considerations. With an acknowledgment of property right, the author will, of course, submit to varying local conditions. With this, he could make his own bargains with publishers, like a free man.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

V.

I CAN only say, in comment upon Mr. R. Pearsall Smith's paper, that I am in favor of any and every scheme to do justice to foreign authors. None is too radical for my assent, and I should be glad of the slightest advance in the direction of international copyright. I cannot judge the practical workings of this stamp notion, but nothing seems to me so unpractical in the long run as the present system of pillage.

W. D. HOWELLS.

VI.

THE stamp royalty scheme of copyright revived by Mr. Pearsall Smith cannot be adopted, because it is regarded as impracticable by nearly every reputable publisher in America, while every author of reputation that I know, with a single exception, holds

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it in more detestation than can be expressed in these limits. Its adoption would immediately open the door for any hobby-rider or demagogue to advocate the cheapening of books by the abolition of the present system of American domestic copyright, on which almost the very existence of our literature depends. Those of us connected with the Copyright League who are not optimists believe that the present union of purpose between authors and publishers almost insures the adoption of an international copyright measure in the present Congress. If it should be defeated, Mr. Pearsall Smith will add to his laurels the credit of having overthrown the disinterested labor of years.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

VII.

I THINK the Farrar plan of an international copyright which Mr. Smith is recommending, and about which you ask my opinion, is unsound in principle; would prove mischievous, if not disastrous, in practical operation, and, withal, is clearly unconstitutional.

I. It is unsound in principle, for it strikes at the most cherished attributes of property, by taking from the author of a book the right to determine when, to whom, where, for what price, in what form, in what costume, and in what company it shall be marketed.

II. It would prove mischievous, and, if long persisted in, disastrous in operation, for publishers would have to compete for a new book in a sort of scrub-race, in which the one who did the cheapest and meanest work would be sure to win, while it would offer to authors greater inducements to write down to the intellectual level of chambermaids and factory girls, than up to the level of the more thoughtful and educated classes.

III. It is clearly unconstitutional, for it contemplates the practical confiscation of a portion, at least, of every author's property in his books to private use, and without compensation.

Your limitation as to space precludes any demonstration of these positions in this communication, but to readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I should be surprised if the mere statement of them was not equivalent to a demonstration.

JOHN BIGELOW.

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VIII.

IT is a delusive statement that "the more publishers compete . . . the better it is for authors;" when, as by Mr. Smith's bill, the author is deprived of the right to utilize that competition for his own best interest. Suppose an American newspaper reprints an English novel in one of its issues, at 2, 3, or 5 cents. The author must then accept a fraction of a cent as royalty, or lose his copyright. Besides, he must go to the expense of keeping a large stock of stamps, adapted to royalty on every possible price that his miscellaneous publishers may fix. The expense of this would eat up a large part of his profits. Experience shows that American copyright works are hard enough to protect from domestic piracy, even under our law, which gives the author a right to choose one publisher. How much more difficult, then, for the foreign author to protect his work, when any number of persons may publish it at will! He must go to the cost of hiring an agent, and, even then, it will not be possible to prevent forging of stamps and surreptitious circulation. The plea that Western publishers would be hurt, and "centres of enterprise" be damaged, is inane. With foreign authors placed on a basis of equality with American authors, every publishing house in this country would have a fair and equal chance to bid for foreign books. Every manly Westerner should be ashamed to whine that he would be beaten in business on a basis of honest competition to secure the publishing of foreign works copyrighted here. I have always found Western Congressmen among the readiest to approve and support a measure giving foreign authors exactly the same property rights and legal safeguards that are accorded to American authors.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

IX.

THE *Nineteenth Century's* royalty and stamp scheme of international copyright is opposed and its agitation is deprecated by The American Copyright League for two principal reasons: 1st, because *any* new scheme divides and weakens the organized effort now being made in America in favor of international copyright; 2d, because the stamp scheme is considered in itself objectionable, on account of its impracticability, and also on account of its being

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false and dangerous in principle. American authors regard their present movement not only in the light of a moral crusade, but also as an attempt to strengthen the rights of literary property in general. This English royalty scheme, revived by Mr. Pearsall Smith, for international copyright, after the proposition had been overwhelmingly rejected in England for home copyright, strikes the Copyright League as in effect an attack upon all copyright. Under this scheme any one may publish any foreign book by paying ten per cent. royalty. Now, a foreign author should have the right here, as every American author has here the right, to throw his book open to the public under these conditions. But it is an attack upon the principle of copyright to *compel* any author, foreign or native, to do this. It is not surprising, and it is significant, that the principal English advocates of the royalty stamp scheme for home and for international copyright, should be men who are understood to have loose views in general of the rights of authors. It is not surprising, and it is significant, that the most persistent advocate of the stamp scheme in America attacks all copyrights now in existence as "monopolies," and that he uses over and over again the arguments of the pirates in favor of cheap literature. He accuses the authors of America of seeking to cut off the supply of cheap literature by trying to establish what he calls the "monopoly" system of copyright with regard to foreign books. The Copyright League, very naturally, resents the imputation that it is selfishly indifferent to the intellectual needs of the masses. Its members know well that cheap literature will continue in America under a just and business-like international copyright act; and they regard the use of the term "monopoly" in this connection as misleading, untrue, and demagogic.

The question arises, how have certain English writers and statesmen been led to believe that Congress will *not* pass a fair and workable bill, favored by the American Copyright League, with Mr. Lowell at its head, and by the great body of American authors and publishers, and that it *will* pass this awkward and, in certain particulars, outrageous stamp bill which is offered by Mr. Lowell and the League of which he is president, and by the great body of American authors and publishers? The fact is, that the prospect for equitable international copyright was never so fair as now. It is unfortunate that our English friends should have

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been led to hinder, rather than to help, their American brethren in this good work.

R. W. GILDER.

X.

WITHOUT assuming sufficient knowledge of the copyright question to speak authoritatively on the subject, I can yet fully appreciate how the present condition of the laws multiplies the difficulties in the way of the struggling writer, and how much harder it makes his dealings with his arch enemy, the man who prints his books. An author takes his precious MS. to a publisher and tremblingly asks that he may receive for it sufficient compensation to pay for the paper on which it is written.

The publisher turns in his chair, and looking severely over his spectacles, asks: "Why should I pay you *anything*, when I can get the work of Stevenson or of Rider Haggard for *nothing*."

Thus is the difficulty to find a publisher increased. We protect a man if he makes a patent fly-tickler, an improvement in a soda-water fountain, or in the mechanism of a lemon-squeezer, but the unfortunate who directs an equal ingenuity to the fabrication of a book is met by the disheartening retort that the European author must be preferred to the American—not because of worth, but simply because the foreigner's works can be pirated free of cost. How, let me ask, can an unknown author become known unless he has some chance at the beginning? Instead of extending him the hand, however, we practically repulse him. No country has ever been great without a "distinctive" literature, and in discouraging the writer we dry up the fountain which we ought to keep always flowing.

Borrowed thoughts are as borrowed plumes, and the present tendency to ape the customs, the habits, and the social life of countries utterly dissimilar to our own, may be directly traced to the laws that now place a premium on theft and enrich the publisher at the expense, not only of the author, but of that originality and distinctiveness which ought to mark the literature of every great people. I therefore am prepared to heartily indorse any really practical plan for the protection of our authors and the fostering of our native literature.

LLOYD S. BRYCE.

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XI.

NEITHER the plan nor the mode in which it is presented meets my approval. I am unable to understand how any honest man can approve a plan which, by its inventor's own admission, is not based upon the rights of the question.

C. E. NORTON.

XII.

WHILE I have little or no personal interest in the question of International Copyright, I have been watching the discussion as an economist for a quarter of a century. I am keenly alive to the injustice done to foreign and still more to American authors by the absence of any law to prevent the pirating of English books. But in every plan which has been proposed to prevent this, I have been obliged to recognize an equal injustice either to the makers or to the readers of such books in America, or to both.

In Mr. Pearsall Smith's plan I find a solution of the problem which secures all interests at once, and which puts copyright itself upon a better footing than that of monopoly. Of course it is open to objection as being novel and a little more complicated than the monopoly system. But these objections are not insuperable.

It will be opposed by the manufacturers of books on both sides of the ocean, because it will not put a stop to the issue of books of a certain class in very cheap forms. Nor should it do so. The time is past when the public will pay for cloth-bindings and broad margins in books it buys only to read, not to preserve. That class of books will have to be differentiated in cost and structure from books bought for preservation. They will have to be made as cheap as a fair return to author and publisher will permit.

ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

XIII.

I HAVE long been acquainted with the ingenious method by which Mr. Pearsall Smith would secure to authors some return for the publication of their works in countries where they are not protected by an international copyright, and, in the extreme difficulty which prevents all just legislation on this subject, I have been disposed to regard with favor his proposals. But there is the

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same objection to this measure that there is to every form of compromise. As Mr. Hallam Tennyson says, speaking for his father, "Something is better than nothing." Accordingly, were I an author, I should prefer to receive one thousand dollars instead of nothing for any book I might have written. If the leading writers of both countries acquiesce to the "stamp plan," it seems to me that others may as well keep silent; but I cannot resist the conviction that any temporary arrangement will soon break down. The only lasting remedy for the acknowledged difficulties that now exist is a thorough protection of an author's property by a just plan of international copyright.

DANIEL C. GILMAN.

XIV.

HAVING followed with care the discussion excited by the new proposal, the objections to it appear to me divisible into three classes, the irrelevant, the sacerdotal, and the foregone. The irrelevant are directed against provisions not in the new bill, and reject it for not containing what it does contain. The sacerdotal oppose it wrathfully because it did not originate with the Copyright League. The "foregone" objectors may be described by a little story: A sheik went to his neighbor to ask the loan of an axe. "I cannot lend it," said the other, "I need it to eat my soup with." "Friend," said the sheik, "one does not eat soup with an axe." "Ah! neighbor, one excuse is as good as another when one doesn't intend to do a thing." It may be, however, that the new proposal will presently be discussed on its merits in America, as it has been in England, where it was also disposed of by the three classes above named, until the failure of the last Congress to consider their measure induced serious study of this alternative. That measure, with adjustments calculated to conciliate all interests, backed by an unprecedented combination of literary and publishing authorities, will soon be again urged on Congress. Should it fail, under such circumstances, the failure may be regarded as final so far as the interests of authors for the next few years is concerned. It will become necessary for the friends of justice to decide whether a platonic dispute about the ideal copyright shall supersede the saving of several millions to literary men, by means of an emergency measure which, besides its practical

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advantages, establishes the principle of property in brain-product as a foundation for future enactments.

In any case it is to be hoped that authors will insist on having their receipt-stamps in their volumes published abroad. If that shall become the international fashion it may be easily adopted in the internal trade, and authors no longer remain the unique simpletons who have no adequate check whatever on the disposers of their property.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

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OUR OUTLYING PROVINCE.

It is not an easy task to give an idea of Alaska, as a whole, which can be comprehended. The extent of territory, which comprises more than five hundred and fifty million square miles, the great variety of climate which exists and must exist over so many myriads of miles of shore, river, and forest, of lake, morass, and Arctic plain, are but two of the many bewildering factors which make the problem of description so difficult. There is no lack of Alaskan literature. Adventurous discoverers and persistent traders have skirted the coasts, ascended and descended the great rivers, and given us their information as to the present, as well as their conjectures as to the future. None of their descriptions, as a whole, is very cheerful and few of them very hopeful.

Everywhere in the reports of the last census are seen the rude products of barbarian life and the hand-to-mouth existence of races struggling with cold and content with bare subsistence. But a generation which has witnessed the disappearance of a great American desert visible to many able men; which has seen the desolate sage brush succeeded by rich crops, and the dreary cactus plain laden with the luxuriant verdure of the great potato and alfalfa fields of Colorado, may well hope that the energy and vigor which will before long be turned upon Alaska, will make some other generation smile at the dismal reports of to-day, strictly truthful though they may be.

Ivan Petroff, the Russian Agent of the Census Bureau of 1880, divides the province into six parts, and at present, at least, this partition is a natural one. All the country north of the valley drained by the Yukon makes up the first division. It lies for the most part beyond the Arctic Circle and has, perhaps, three thousand Esquimau inhabitants, one to every forty square miles of snow and ice. No white man has ever crossed this country from the valley of the Yukon to the Arctic Sea. Coal in easily

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accessible seams is found near Cape Lisburne, but it is of no present value. The same may be said of this entire region, and it is even a question if the present inhabitants can long survive the rapid disappearance of the walrus and the whale.

The Great Valley of the Yukon makes the second division. In a hundred villages, half of them on the river banks and a fifth on the Delta, live 6,870 people, one to every twenty-six miles, with no saving leaven of civilization except nineteen whites and eighteen half-breeds. Though many books have been written and more articles published on the river Yukon, probably the great majority of the American people has yet to be astonished by the fact that Mr. Seward bought a larger river than any we owned before. The Yukon, flowing through the centre of our new province, seven miles wide, ten hundred miles from its mouth, and as many from its source, pours into the Behring Sea a volume of water one-third more vast than the Mississippi empties into the Gulf of Mexico. But, thus far, its great expanse has shown but little of value to the permanent settler. It can only be classed among the productive forces of the country in the same confusion of thought that enabled an enthusiastic admirer of the Province to end his catalogue of its resources with "sixty volcanoes, of which twenty are in a state of active eruption." It owes its vast volume of water to the mossy morasses which lie along its edges, holding moisture like a sponge, and preventing its dissipation by evaporation. Along its margins are banks which are eaten away, like those of the Mississippi, falling in huge masses into the mighty channel. It is a pleasing anticipation to think of its figuring some day in the River and Harbor Bill, like the Mississippi and Missouri, with huge appropriations to improve navigation, with "incidental" protection to the plantation owners.

South of the eastern portion of the Yukon Valley is the Kuskokvim Division, lying, a huge wedge, between the ranges of mountains which bound it and including the Kuskokvim, the Togiac, and Nucheyac rivers. The lower part, however, of the Kuskokvim, having pierced the barrier, lies beyond the mountains towards the Yukon Delta. This region supports a population of nearly nine thousand, with thirteen square miles for each one. Of white men there are three.

To the southeast is the Kadiac Division, with its long coast, stretching from the Shumaqin Islands to Mount Saint Elias.

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This division includes the Kadiac Island, and is nearer civilization than any yet mentioned. Of the population, 4,352 in number, one to every sixteen square miles, nearly a thousand are whites and half-breeds. The houses are better built and many of them are of timber, entirely above ground. Over the greater part of Alaska, the dwellings are so far underground as to be entered by a tunnel on the hands and knees. The mouth of the tunnel, at a considerable distance from the main apartment, is covered with a rude shed as a protection from the snow and the severity of the climate. The houses are conical, covered with turf, with a hole for the escape of the smoke from the fire in the centre, around which are ranged the platforms of timber or sod for the sleeping and living regions.

To the westward of the two divisions reaches out toward Asia the long line of mountain tops which carry the Alaska range far out to sea. Upon these treeless islands, with a climate of which the record for seven years gave fifty-three clear days and twelve hundred and thirty of rain and snow and hail, a population of 2,451, one to every six square miles, in the sea fisheries and in the pursuit of the fox and the sea otter win the largest incomes of any of the natives of Alaska. This enumeration includes 82 white men, 479 half-breeds, and the 290 inhabitants of the Pribylof group.

The Pribylof group are the islands in Behring Sea which are breeding grounds for the fur seal. From two islands of this group, St. Paul and St. George, the one containing thirty-three square miles and the other twenty-seven, comes all the direct revenue derived by the United States from its purchase of $7,200,000, and that revenue, over $300,000, is large enough to pay a fair interest on the sum invested. To these little resting places, in the heart of Behring Sea, come every year more than 4,700,000 seals. For three months the rookeries along the shores are multitudinous with amphibian life, the like of which can be seen nowhere else on the round earth. Years ago the San Juan and Juan Fernandez Islands, off the coast of Chili and Bolivia, the coasts of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, and the Falkland Islands, swarmed with uncounted and uncountable millions of fur seal, and might be to-day the finest seal rookeries on the globe. But the unrestrained, senseless hunting of the seal by every one who could hire a vessel and crew has resulted in a near approach to extermination in the Southern seas, and to-day the frequent

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capture of vessels in Arctic waters, laden with thousands of skins, which must be of the very least possible value as furs, shows the need of vigorous measures to preserve to the world one of its finest articles of luxury, elegance, and comfort. The climate of St. Paul and St. George, cool and humid, covering the islands with fog and shifting mist, the position and nature of the shores, free from sand and mud, make them the ideal country for an animal which needs the land only as a place for breeding, much broken in its nature, and as a nurture ground for its young. Every year, about the first of May, begin to appear the great bull seals, at least six years old and seven feet long, dragging clumsily out of the water upon the rocky foundations which constitute the breeding grounds their great weight of 400 to 600 pounds. The nearer the shore the more eligible is the situation and the higher the price, measured by the fighting needful to maintain it. Each one keeps his place until a stronger takes it away. .. Severe and terrible wounds and often death result from these contests. When the females arrive a month afterwards, a carnival of combat is the result of this culmination of nerve tension. After many struggles and much confusion each one has provided himself with a family varying from five to forty, and a period of two months of uninterrupted domesticity sets in. About the middle of August the season is over and the males gradually depart, not the full rounded creatures that came, plump with blubber and well-filled muscle, but poor and scraggy. During the whole period of three months, if we are to believe unanimous testimony, they never leave the grounds and have had neither food nor drink. As has been already said, the males of six years old and over are on the breeding grounds. Against the approach of any others the grounds are guarded with Turkish seclusion, vigor, and barbarity. The least intrusion by a younger male means mutilation and perhaps death, prompt and immediate. These young males, "called bachelors," roam about the regions near by and furnish the skins which come to market. A hundred thousand of these young seals are yearly driven to the killing grounds, knocked on the head with clubs and are stripped of their coverings. Great care has to be taken to get the skin removed while the animal is in proper condition or the fur is spoiled. If heated by the drive he must have time to become cool. The skins are salted and in due time shipped to London,

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where they are cured and rendered fit for use. The hundred thousand killed under six years of age is probably not much over one-half the number which might be killed with entire safety to the perpetuation of the race. The female seal brings forth her young very soon after landing in June. The little seals have to learn the art of swimming for themselves.

The remaining division of Alaska is Sitkan Division, which is becoming so well known to tourists. It has a population of more than 7,000 Indians. There were 523 whites and half-breeds in 1880, but there must be more than four times that number now. This is beyond question the best part of Alaska in climate, soil, mineral wealth, and in inhabitants. The Indians are willing to work, are capable of sustained labor, and appreciate regular wages. The early history of the country shows them to have been as brave and warlike as the tribes on which so much poetry and rhetoric have been bestowed, and they have, to modern prosaic eyes, the additional charm of an earlier possibility of civilization. Some of our surplus revenue might well be spent on their education and development. The delights of the voyage to Sitka have become known to many, and the journey is destined to take the place of many a foreign trip. Whoever seeks the highest charm of wild and wonderful scenery, will turn from Switzerland and Norway to the charms of the Alexander Archipelago, and to the frozen rivers which cover the seaside valleys of Alaska. On board a comfortable steamer, without the worry of change, with no chances of bad hotels, in serene pleasure, the traveler voyages two thousand miles as if in a narrow inland sea, forever changing, and always wild, startling, and unexpected. You seem to be passing, and, indeed, you are passing through mountain valleys, with the mountain peaks almost within touch on either hand. Where there are low hills wooded to the summits and sloping to the water's edge, the tall peaks behind show their snow-capped heads shrouded in endless variety of shifting cloud and moving mist. Where the mountain hangs almost precipitous over the channel streams of water fed by the exhaustless snows pour down visible here and there through the breaks in the forests, sometimes in great torrents with broad avalanches of foam and the roar of angry waters, and sometimes in slender threads so steady and fine that it needs the tremor of a gusty wind to assure you

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that they are not motionless streaks of color on the rock. Whoever has seen an Alaska glacier has felt to the full that sense of awe which comes of being in the visible presence of one of the great forces of nature. The glaciers of Switzerland melt in the noonday sun high up on the mountain side, while the glaciers of Alaska march in unbroken column majestic to the sea, facing the bay with an icy cliff reaching hundreds of feet into the air and stretching for miles from shore to shore. When in the sombre twilight of an Alaskan midsummer midnight you look across the gray distance under a clouded sky, unbroken by sun or moon or star, at two great rivers of ice, meeting at the base of the mountain which lies like a black island between, and speeding massive and wide to the water's edges, and think of the centuries which have seen that vast mass, motionless to every human eye, move with ceaseless progress from the cold snows above to the cold waters below, helping to make a world, you will have some conception of the weary years the world has seen and the weary years the world is yet to see. At the Yellowstone Park and in Alaska you can see some of the ways in which the world was made and is still making.

Sitkan Alaska will have at least two beautiful villages, one to be and the other already beautiful. As the steamer approaches Juneau, on the Gastineaux Channel, there comes into view a most striking picture. The new town spreads its little cottages over a low hillock, at what seems the base of a broad perpendicular height, covered with evergreen trees, and stretching away into the sky overhead. Down the beetling cliff play slender cascades of waving water, which brighten and vivify the whole mountain side. On the hillock the streets are incipient, rich with mud, and sloppy with the daily rainfall; but sidewalks are beginning to emerge from chaos, and one can see in the near future a well-ordered and decent town.

Sitka, the old vice regal seat, is already a beautiful spot. One may travel far and never see a nobler or more varied picture than spreads before his eye who stands on the roof of the old Russian "Castle" on the summit of a high knoll at the water's edge. It was not a bright day, but from the north to the east and away round to the south was a half circle of mighty hills, snow-capped and mist-crowned. Away off at sea, melting into indistinctness in the haze of the distance, were the great mountains which

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cover the quarter of the compass from north to west. At our feet on the seaward side was the harbor, dotted with scores of beautiful islands and islets bright with vivid green, and in the farthest distance was a glimpse of the edge of the great ocean itself. At the base of the "Castle" the two wings of the town spread out at right angles with each other. The Indian village lies on the shore to the north, parallel with the low bluffs where are the graves of the dead, and the quaint little huts which mark their last resting places. Near by the weather stained block houses bring back the lonesome memories of the conflicts with the savages in the earlier days. The white village lies on the other shore, strongly marked to the eye by the Greek Church, with its green roofs. Beyond the village the Indian River, gathering itself from the snows of the mountain, flows over a rocky bed through a grove charming with its sauntering places and in July rich with a vegetation which seems little short of tropical in its luxuriance.

Wrangel is the place to visit if you wish to see the Indian village uncontaminated by civilization. The houses are of a higher order than those of continental Alaska. They are like our log houses, only broader and without any pretence of separate apartments. In the centre of the roof is a square hole covered with a four-posted frame, on which the covering can be shifted to suit the varying winds. Under this hole is the place for the fire, around which the natives sit on their haunches when they crave food or warmth. Over the fire are strung the fish and flesh which they smoke for future use. Around the sides is a raised platform, on which the natives live, and sleep, and work. The entrance door is in the gable end. The whole establishment is not nice or clean. On the contrary, it is nasty and unclean; and when the ladies of the mansion black their faces to preserve their complexions they seem to gild the refined gold of the situation, like the painted lilies which they are. When old age and the wrinkles of a life of hardship are supplemented and adorned by black stain on the face, a yellow bone protruding from below the under lip, and mellowed by general and unmitigated uncleanliness, feminine fascination appears to be reduced to its lowest terms. There at Wrangel are totem poles, ugly, curved monuments, erected either to indicate that the owner, like the Duke of Marlboro', moved in the best society on account of the virtues of his ancestors, or to frighten away the evil beings which inhabited

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the Alaskan air. Some are much inclined to the latter belief, having in mind how great an incentive to architecture the fear of the devil has been in other lands. At Sitka the native dwellings are larger, cleaner, and show the results of better police regulations.

The climate of Alaska, as might be expected from its continental expanse, varies greatly. The cold on the Arctic shore must be almost unendurable. The Yukon River is not open to navigation until July, and closes at the end of September, and in many places, in the mossy morasses, the ice lies all the year round a few inches under the surface, protected by the moss from the heat of the sun. Bishop Leghus and Father Mondard, two Catholic missionaries, who spent a year in this region, were delighted with the summer heat on the Yukon River and in its "fertile valley;" but the census agent of 1880, Ivan Petroff, thinks the good men much too enthusiastic, and gives altogether a more dismal account of the country than was ever given of Dakota by its early official visitors. In the Sitkan Division the unexpected happens. In this country, between fifty-five degrees and sixty degrees of Northern latitude, the thermometer in fifty years has never been under four degrees below zero, and never but once has gone to eighty-seven degrees above. The mean of all these years was forty-three degrees twenty-eight minutes. This year the first snow did not fall at Sitka until January 16th. The summer, however, is not warm, though the natives hardly seemed to think it inclement. Our party at Wrangel saw a sick man lying on his blanket out under the open heavens, and as we were picking our way through the inexpressible mud and ooze and nastiness, we saw a dreadful looking creature, with a blackened tin pot in one hand, while under the other arm, pressed against her body, was a baby with nothing on but a shirt. As she hitched along the little child became more exposed, until you could see it naked below the arm pits. When she reached her smouldering fire, which was out of doors, she coolly sat down on her haunches, smoothed flat a bunch of the wet grass, seated the baby thereon, and the little thing blinked and snuggled contented by its mother's side with all the satisfaction which was ever born of good treatment and maternal tenderness, while we effeminate grown men and women looked on clad in rain coats, winter ulsters, and the thickest woolens money could buy.

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Of the native population but little can be here said, though very much is known. There are 17,617 Eskimo Inuits, 2,147 Aleuts, and 11,478 Indians. Of all of them it can be said that they exhibit qualities which make them of superior promise to the Indians with whom we are familiar. If there were no other evidence the yearly importation of 10,000 barrels of flour, 6,000 cases of hard bread, 1,200 chests of tea, 2,500 barrels of sugar, and between 15,000 and 20,000 pounds of tobacco, with, perhaps, an equal value of dry goods, show that they have civilized wants and desires which promise to be a great incentive to their further improvement. The willingness to work manifested at least by those of the Sitkan Division is of the happiest augury.

What is to be said of the resources of our outlying province? The word resources, like all other words of large import, is a term of varied meaning. If you intend by the word the products which can now be of use to the world, they are few in number but of vast extent. They are furs and fish and minerals. The pursuit of the seal and sea otter on the streams and on the sea, and the hunting of the fur-bearing land animals, already constitute great industries. Six thousand sea otter skins are taken annually on the Southern coast, and the beaver extends throughout the vast interior, and the fur trade is more than doubled since our occupation.

The salmon on the Yukon, the Kuskokvim, and other rivers are so numerous that, with reasonable restriction, one-fourth would support the natives and the rest might be sold to the world. The deep sea fisheries of cod and halibut have been sufficiently explored already to make it certain that they will far exceed, both in quantity and in ease of access, those fisheries on the Atlantic coast which have been the subject of so much solicitude and have demanded so many conventions and treaties. The mineral output has but begun, and yet the greatest stamp mill for pounding gold out of rock in the United States, and, therefore, in the world, is on a lonely island in the Alexander Archipelago. Large, however, as it is, numbering one hundred and twenty stamps, and thundering like Niagara, the owners propose to double its size, and have already begun the work. The rock they mill lies in a broad vein, nearly, if not quite, three hundred feet in width. There is very little gold to the ton, but there are very many tons, and the process of extraction is not costly. It is thought that

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the vein stretches for miles the whole length of the Douglas Island. The snows of the mountain furnish the power, although steam power is also at hand, in case of drouth. The mine is named for Mr. Treadwell, the superintendent, who made many tests and spent much time before entering upon the great enterprise which seems to be crowned with so signal a success. Coal has been found in several places, but thus far no commercial advantage has been derived from the discoveries. The forests will afford a great future resource, but not until the Pacific slope has a greater population, and until the timber of Oregon and Washington has been much diminished. The Alaska cedar is a beautiful wood, capable of polish, and giving out a pleasant odor. There is, however, but little of it in comparison with the vast extent of the spruce, which is found throughout half of the country. How thick the forests are, and what quantities of timber there may be, can only be told after much closer exploration than has thus far ever been possible. In the southern part the trees are large and the product comparatively good, but all the spruce is very resinous and unfitted for nice finishing work.

If it should be asked what the future of Alaska seems likely to be, I can give no answer. Prophecy is very easy, but it is also very cheap. I cannot refrain, however, from saying, though it is the result of what I have seen and read rather than of what I have written, that the prospect of the conquest of Alaska does not seem a tithe as difficult or half as hopeless as the conquest of the land now covered by the prosperous population of the United States must have seemed to the emigrants who first strayed across the ocean and dotted the shores of the Atlantic coast.

THOMAS B. REED.

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NAPOLEON'S SIGNATURES.

For those who believe that the varying phases of change in the human mind or the peculiar thoughts or actions of certain periods of individual life are reflected in chirography, a comparison of the signatures of the Great Napoleon, at different stages of his career, will be of interest.

It was a German writer who first seems, some time ago, to have noticed the strange diversity of these autographs. If we may judge by the examples before us, it can apparently be said that they began to tend downward only after the decline in power and prosperity of this "child of destiny," who trusted implicitly in his star, until the campaign of Russia and the gathering hosts of his foes finally shook the faith which had led him to successive victories. If for no other reason than for amusing speculation, some of his signatures, taken at intervals, are here reproduced.

The following is taken from a letter dated 1793, addressed to the "Directory." It is in the nature of a claim for moneys due to Captain Buonaparte :

The next bears the date of the 13th Fructidor, year IV., and is the autograph of General Buonaparte at the headquarters of the French army, Berlin :

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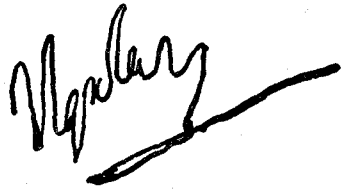
The next is the signature of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, 1804 :

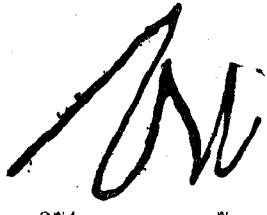
The following is appended to a proclamation after the battle of Austerlitz, and written in the flush of victory :



After the campaign of 1806, we find the following :

On the 21st September, 1812, by the light of burning Moscow, he wrote thus :

Then follow these strange devices : October 6th, 1812, still in retreat from Russia :



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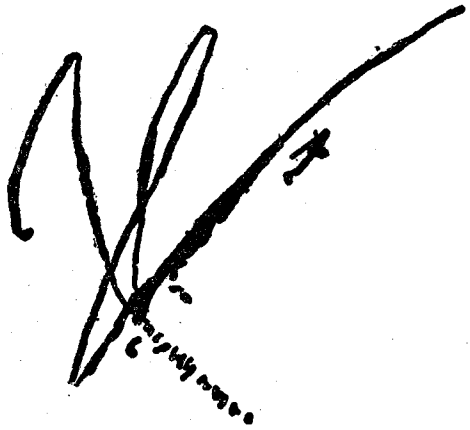
Erfurt, October 23d, 1813, after defeat at Leipzig:



Fontainebleau, 4th of April, 1814:

St. Helena:

Believers in the revelations of chirography, among whom I do not claim a place, will find proofs strong as Holy Writ in this signature of the Exile of St. Helena. Both his signature and career had then reached their lowest "point of decline."

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

REPLY TO LLOYD BRYCE.

MY DEAR COUSIN: I take the liberty of so addressing you, as you have described yourself a nephew of my Uncle Sam. Many of your cousins agree with the views you express in your article on "Primitive Simplicity" in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for November. So do I. But I think, for the sake of our dear uncle, you should have omitted the conversation with the imprisoned anarchists. In addressing those who are discontented with the unfulfilled promises of society and the violated pledges of our civilization, it were well to lay but little stress on the generosity of our good uncle.

In former days, when our ancient relative was in easy circumstances, he was

"Rich enough
To give us all a farm,"

and his wealth, great as it was, did not exceed his profuse generosity, for he did most bountifully provide for thousands of his nephews. But, unfortunately, some of our cousins were not content with a fair share of the old gentleman's prodigality. Many, as you know, took land enough to make a great many more farms than each required, and consequently some of our ancient kinsman's grand nephews and great grand nephews are deprived of their share of a legacy ample for all had it been properly administered. And, as succeeding generations, though veritable heirs of our good uncle, de cendants of his brothers who helped to release his estate from King George's mortgage, come upon the scene, they must needs be servants to the heirs of our forestalling cousins. Not all the tramps who caused our uncle so much trouble spoke in that dialect which gives so interesting a flavor to your conversation with the anarchist. Are there not many who use our own vernacular in all its Columbian purity who have been defrauded of their rights by the unequal distribution of our Uncle Sam's legacy? We may hang a few of these for fighting against the scheme of society which abets their deprivation, but if there be others whose unwillingness to be disinherited takes some less violent form than killing policemen, we will finally have to heed their demands for justice. You may argue against anarchy never so wisely, dear cousin, but you must not forget that injustice cannot permanently maintain the safety of society.

Better heed the demands of the blind goddess, that her scales, rather than her sword, may be the implement with which she will right the wrongs of the disinherited.

HERMAN KUEHN.

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II.

CATHOLICS WANT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In the discussion as to substituting sectarian schools for the present system of public schools, the deslre of the Catholic people on the subject has not been referred to. It is a fact that none would object to such a substitution more than they.

Their preference for the public schools is shown by the fact that, while in every important parish in the country there is at present a free Catholic school, and parents have their choice between that and the public school for their children, the Catholic clergy have found it necessary to prescribe that any parent sending children to the public school shall be refused the sacraments of the church; and thousands of Catholic parents are at present undergoing this penalty rather than comply. In the writer's own family, a parent was refused the sacraments for years for this reason.

One reason for this preference is that a better education can be secured in the public schools. This the church authorities deny, and say that the Catholic schools as at present conducted are sufficient. Consequently, it is not to be supposed that there would be any improvement in this respect in the Catholic schools, even though they had the desired aid from the Government.

Another reason for this preference is that the parents regard education as being, if not a branch of the Government, at least as outside of religion, and they want no religious interference with it. They are not anxious to exchange the present system for one in the management and scope of which they will have no voice. American Catholics, no more than any other Americans, are desirous of yielding up any right of self-government which they now possess.

Cardinal Gibbons's plan of abolishing the present public school system, and apportioning the present school tax for the maintenance of sectarian schools, means that the Government shall be used, first, to compel Catholics to contribute to the support of Catholic schools, and second, to aid in compelling Catholics to send their children to Catholic schools, by making the only alternative the sending of them to a school of another religious denomination.

When there is any serious danger of this Government being made the agent, through the educational system or otherwise, of forcing any religion on its citizens, whether that religion be Catholic, Protestant, Mormon, Jewish, or any other, the Catholic people will be among the foremost in protesting.

F. E. McGURRIN.

III.

THE FIELD-INGERSOLL CORRESPONDENCE.

INTERESTING, instructive, and able as the Field-Ingersoll correspondence has been, I think Mr. Field was unfortunate in his "Last Word," in that he has given away the essential feature of his side of the case in this remark: "You (Ingersoll) say, 'There are no punishments, no rewards: there are consequences. Very well, take the 'consequences,' and see where they will lead you. If followed up, they will lead you very far. For if man lives after death, and keeps his personal identity, do not the 'consequences' of his past life follow him into the future? *And if his existence is immortal*, are not the consequences immortal also? And what is this but endless retribution?"

"If his existence is immortal?" "If" is a poor premise upon which to build a dogmatic conclusion, and yet such is the great error and absurdity of Orthodoxy. And here Mr. Ingersoll has Mr. Field at a great advantage, and can easily grind him to powder. For it is perfectly safe to assert that there is nothing in

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Scripture, in reason, or in common sense, that goes to prove or intimate that man *by nature* is immortal, or that moral evil, in any way possible to view it, has an affirmative existence in the universe.

To teach such a doctrine is to teach a gross dualism, a doctrine that the universe is the joint product and battle-ground of two co-extensive opposing Powers. This in itself is not only a worse Atheism than Mr. Ingersoll has ever taught, but a worse form than he has ever been accused of teaching.

To say that evil depends for its existence wholly upon relations, and that it is in its nature essentially self-destructive, is one of the main pillars of a true Theism. While, on the other hand, to maintain that evil is inherently indestructible, eternal, and coextensive with good, is not only to unsovereign Jehovah, but tantamount to characterizing God as imbecility.

Many as are the highest and best authorities easy to be produced here in substantiation of the unquestionable fact, that immortality, while the *end* and *goal* of creation, depends wholly upon *conditions*,—which must be answered sooner or later,—I content myself with only one from the fast growing recognized intellectual king of the nineteenth century,—Goethe,—in the second part of "Faust:"

> "Who hath not won a name, and seeks not noble works,
> Belongs but to the elements:
> *Service* and *faith* secure the individual life."

From which point I stand logically and fully in accord with Mr. Field, that to know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, is life eternal.

HENRY W. HAZEN.

IV.

THE DISEASE OF INEBRIETY.

THE principles of law which have been laid down regulating the legal relations of the inebriate were framed long before we had obtained any accurate ideas respecting the disease of inebriety, and, therefore, great injustice has been done to the inebriate under the forms of law. The inebriate is a sick man and should neither receive loathing and ostracism at the hands of his friends, nor penal punishment when he commits overt acts at the hands of the law. We must distinguish primarily between those who are ordinary drunkards and those who suffer from the *disease* of dipsomania; between the individual who merely chooses to indulge in liquor daily and him who is irresistibly impelled by the craving—often periodical—resulting from a morbid irritation of the cortical sensory centres of the brain to indulge in alcoholic stimulants, and to frequent fits of intoxication.

I will give a typical case to make my meaning clear, and to clearly differentiate between the *vice* and the *disease*.

Some years ago a gentleman of high social standing was put under my care for the treatment of dipsomania. Between his paroxysms he differed from the ordinary drunkard in that he never touched liquor, did not like it, and was a most useful and honored member of society. About once in four months he would become restless, could not apply his mind, was sleepless, and became irritable. Then an imperious and irresistible drink craving would appear, and for days this gentleman would obey an impulse which he had not the power of resisting. He would follow out a course of inebriety at these times, and neither the dictates of affection nor the remonstrances of his many friends availed anything. At the close of his paroxysm, which was the perfect analogue of other periodical insanities, he would deplore, with great mental agony, the impulses by which he was mastered, and resume his

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regular and sober habits, never touching a drop of liquor until the time for another paroxysm approached, when the same course was again pursued. The disease was characterized by its paroxysms and intermissions until he was finally cured. I have seen many examples of this disease in ladies of the highest social standing, who had all the virtues of their sex. These people are sick, and this strong, irresistible craving for spirituous drinks is the diagnostic symptom of their disease—Dipsomania, which is a distinct form of mental disorder. The act of drinking is not a voluntary act at all. It is done in obedience to the blind, irresistible craving for the alcoholic stimulus. It is an involuntary act that unintentionally and automatically oftentimes leads to the commission of crime, when such overt acts are committed. To constitute crime there must be moral liberty and an intent to commit crime. The dipsomaniac acts in obedience to a *vis a tergo*, derived from a brain condition that he cannot resist. He acts as the result of the morbid notions in the mind that springs from his disease, and he does not act in response to the suggestions of affection, of reason, and of common sense as sane persons do.

I suppose that it may be urged that I am promulgating truths dangerous to recognize in estimating the degree of criminal responsibility; for, by our code, inebriety does not afford any relief from the ordinary consequence of crime. The clear light of science, however, never reveals truths dangerous to recognize. The danger lies in the opposite direction. The inebriate does not enjoy the free and rational exercise of his understanding; he is more or less unconscious of his outward relations, and none of his acts during his paroxysms can be rightfully imputed to him as crime. The mind is not in the full possession of its powers and oftentimes excited by unfounded delusions, as in a recent case tried in our city before Judge Gildersleeve of a woman who threw her child out of a window under the influence of a delusion the result of a paroxysm of dipsomania. The judge most humanely charged the jury that there would appear to be no doubt as to the prisoner's insanity, and the verdict rendered was "not guilty on the ground of insanity." Judge Storey, in the case of Drew, who killed his second mate, Clark, while in a state of insanity, with hallucinations, the remote cause of which was the excessive use of alcohol, decided that insanity whose remote cause is habitual drunkenness should be an excuse in a court of law for a homicide committed by the party while so insane. Will not society in general accept the conclusions of many celebrated men of profound study and extensive observation, with their authoritative utterances; men like Krafft Ebbing in Germany; Magnan, in Paris; Hathergill, Sir Thomas Watson, Richardson, Crichton Browne, Peddie and Norman Kerr, in England; Skae and Sir Benj. Brodie, of Edinburgh, and Hagstrom and Huss, of Sweden, who have all been trying to bring about a co-operative public sentiment and legislation relative to the disease of inebriety? Law and medicine should join hands with the cultured public in this matter, and a provision like the following should be introduced into the code of laws in every State, viz.:

By reason of their impaired responsibility, punishment cannot be inflicted on those who commit penal acts in a state induced by the disease of inebriety, which either takes away all consciousness respecting the act generally and its relations to penal law, or in conjunction with some peculiar bodily condition irresistibly impels the subject of this disease, while partially or completely unconscious, to violent acts.

The law can protect society sufficiently without punishing sick men and women, and responsibility should be annulled in that condition in which either a consciousness of the criminality of the offense or the free will of the offender is taken away by disease.

EDWARD C. MANN, M.D.

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V.

COL. INGERSOLL AND CHRISTIANITY.

I HAVE read with much interest Colonel Ingersoll's reply to Dr. Henry M. Field. I have never before read any of Mr. Ingersoll's strictures upon Christianity, but I am aware that many good people regard his views with horror, as calculated to throw doubt and discredit upon the Christian religion. I am myself a firm believer in Christ and *His* Christianity; but I do not entertain any such apprehensions. The truth is a rock which will withstand the beating of any man's eloquence, however great. Colonel Ingersoll may doubt that the sun shines, but his assertion to that effect need give no disquiet to men of ordinary eyesight. But, if I may judge from this article, his attacks are not so much directed against the essential truths of the Christian system, as against the errors and absurdities that have grown up around it, and which are altogether of human origin. And if some of the errors have even crept into the narrative parts of the Old and New Testaments, I do not see that they need to shake our belief in the substantial truth of the history. Paul believed that the world was to come to an end in his day; but does that detract from his credibility when he asserts that he saw the risen Christ on the way to Damascus? The white lily often springs from a black and noisome pool, and it is only natural that some foulness should then cling to its roots. The early books of the Bible were written in a dark and superstitious age, and I should question their authenticity if there did not cling to them some of the superstitions of that remote time. But do these superstitions invalidate the abundantly supported historical facts that God chose Abraham to be the father of a great people; that He led that people out of bondage in Egypt; gave them through Moses a system of laws far in advance of the age; and subsequently, through the incomparable man, Jesus Christ, assured them, and us, and all who shall come after us to the latest time, that He is the loving Father of all mankind? These facts neither Colonel Ingersoll, nor any other man, can shake; and I conceive that he will do an essential service to Bible truth if he shall clear away some of the rubbish which has gathered about it, and now hides its supernal beauty from the world.

STILLMAN FORCYTHE.

VI.

NOTE FROM HENRY IRVING.

THE "combination" system by which theatres are occupied by traveling organizations, instead as formerly by their own stock companies, has become as general in England as it is here. There are now no stock companies in Great Britain outside of London. Recognizing that this state of affairs gave young actors no chance of the schooling so absolutely necessary to artistic progress, Mr. Henry Irving, in his latest provincial tour, took occasion to urge the erection of theatres by the municipalities of the large cities, and the leasing of them to managers who would maintain stock companies. His attention having been called to the paper in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for November, "Wanted, a Representative Theatre," he sent its author the following letter:

NEW YORK, *November* 9, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. MAGNUS:

I have read your excellent article with great interest, and I don't think anything can be added to it. A State-aided theatre is certainly less visionary in America than in England, where the prejudices of a certain class of the community would probably forbid any national subvention to theatrical management; but I

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agree with you that such a project as you propose, which is on a much larger scale than a merely municipal theatre, must depend for realization on private enterprise. The undertaking would be arduous, but, with good management, I believe it would eventually pay its way. My own proposal is essentially different, for I would not apply it to London, where we have already a number of trained companies. Municipal theatres are necessary, in my opinion, in our large provincial cities, which are now dependent entirely on traveling companies from the metropolis. Such a scheme as I suggest would revive the independent organization of the chief local theatre, provide a training for young actors, and, if properly directed, throw no burden on the rates. But you will see that, in the nature of things, this would be a much smaller affair than a national theatre.

(Signed) HENRY IRVING.

VII.

SHELLEY'S MORALITY.

IN a recently published essay, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner passes criticism on Shelley's moral code as shown in "Prometheus Unbound." But he reveals himself as wholly misconceiving it. He says: "In the poem Zeus stands for law, for faith Christianity, custom, superstition, wrong, for every tyranny over the human mind; Prometheus for the universal love which dissolves all law and leaves man free."

Prometheus is the hero of the poem, the deliverer of mankind from oppression, the opposer of Zeus. At first under the thraldom of Zeus, he at last escapes and beholds the downfall of the tyrant. But is it true that Shelley represents Zeus as "law, faith, Christianity?" He certainly does let him stand for *false* "custom, superstition, and every tyranny." Shelley was a true scientist and believed in law. He believed in the highest moral law, that of love and justice. His definition of art, that it is true art only as connected with morality, shows how truly he revered the moral. His belief in justice is shown in his description of man when he shall have become renovated; then he is to be "gentle, *just*, and wise." As to "faith," it is Prometheus who represents that. He is the doomed victim of a tyrant, suffering every agony; yet he has faith in his deliverance, in the eternal downfall of evil, and the permanent establishment of the good.

Zeus did represent *perverted* Christianity. Shelley saw so much mock religion, so base a tyranny of the Church over her subjects, binding them to unreasoning and barbarous beliefs, that he was led to denounce Christianity as then existing. But any one who reads his poems aright will find them permeated through and through with the spirit of true Christianity. Of "Prometheus Unbound" can this especially be said; it is ever universal good-will and peace that he aspires for; the suppression of evil in all its forms that he desires.

Mr. Warner seems to have been misled by the use of words and thus failed to give the spirit of Shelley's belief due weight and justice. The dethronement of Zeus is the climax of the poem, but does it follow that Shelley denounces a God of love, purity, and justice? He says himself that, "under many a name and form has Jupiter, the Tyrant of the World, existed, abhorred of God." Thus he acknowledges that Highest Existence, and as very far apart from him whose doom he pronounces.

Mr. Warner seems led astray by the art-form in which Shelley has embodied a beautiful and truly religious conception of the world. "What basis," he asks, "has Shelley's conception in any conceivable system of ethics or philosophy?" What? we repeat, why that of the truest and strongest. Prometheus typifies the

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nobler elements of humanity triumphing over the ignoble. As in the fable, Prometheus wars against Zeus, so here Zeus must represent all forms of the depraved, against which men must struggle, not by any means God, as our highest ideas embrace Him, nor any of the noble forms of life thus far developed in the world.

Certainly it was congenial to Shelley to let Zeus stand for evil, because of his belief that so many of the sufferings of men have sprung from their false notions of a God. His personal experience of religious intolerance and the anguish thereby inflicted intensified this belief. Who that shudders over the worst pages of Christian history will deny that he was right? But when we look deeper than the names and form of his work, and get an insight into the spirit of his teaching and aspiration, we find it in the highest sense religious. It is not "Anarchy" to which his thought leads, as Mr. Warner asserts, but true freedom,—man self-governed, and that self-government obtained by obedience to Divine Love.

Does any world-renowned religious teacher inculcate a better lesson than that of the closing lines of the great poem Mr. Warner finds lacking in the moral standard?—

> "To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy power that seems omnipotent;
> To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory."

A. M. GANNETT.

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BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

CHARLES DARWIN, THE MAN AND THE SCIENTIST.

WE are not surprised at the publishers' statement that the first edition in this country of "Darwin's Life and Letters"* was exhausted within a few days after its publication. Thoughtful people, who have marked the influence his writings have exerted in the domain of science within the last quarter of a century, cannot feel otherwise than curious, and even anxious, to know something more of the man himself than could be obtained through his writings—just such information, in fact, as these volumes supply. Mr. Darwin, notwithstanding his absorption in scientific work, was a good correspondent. Indeed, the nature of his life-work was such as to bring him into close correspondence with many people eminent in different departments of science, and these letters, with explanatory comments and many interesting details, personal and relative, are here collected and arranged by his son with pious care, forming, with the autobiographical portion of the book, a valuable and complete sketch and biography. The illustrations are few, and include two portraits, a sketch of the Darwin mansion, and one of the study of the great naturalist. The autobiography was written in 1876 for his children, without any idea of publication, and the editor has omitted some passages of a strictly personal character. This is followed by some reminiscences by members of his family and others, but the letters occupy the greater part of both volumes. The concluding chapters contain a brief account of his last illness and death, and of his public funeral in Westminster Abbey.

There is very little to be said about such a work as this of a critical character. The letters are deeply interesting, as showing the nature and temperament of the man as well as throwing light on many curious scientific questions, and on the circumstances surrounding Mr. Darwin in his life-work. It is seldom, we imagine, that a mere collection of letters reveals so much of biographical detail as these do, and it seems to us that the editor has most wisely and acceptably used them freely in this way. They also form a valuable contribution to scientific literature. They show us a man thoroughly in love with his work, ardent and diligent in the collection and classification of facts, and singularly free from foibles and egotism. The public knew that Charles Darwin was, during the later years of his life, a constant sufferer from bodily ailments which interfered sadly with his plans; but few of us were prepared for the statement that for nearly forty years he never knew one day of the health of ordinary men, but had to maintain a constant struggle against the weariness and strain of sickness. That under these circumstances he accomplished so much as an investigator of facts in the world of nature

* "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin." Including an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by his son. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co.

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is a marvel. One is not surprised to learn that he set great store on the minutes, "never wasting a few spare minutes from thinking it not worth while to set to work." Mr. Darwin was a born naturalist, having a habit of collecting and classifying natural objects from his earliest boyhood; but in other respects he writes himself down as a rather ordinary boy, with a penchant for shooting game, in which in early manhood he acquired great skill. He remembered having, as a boy, a keen sense of pleasure in mastering subjects which really interested him. The vocation to which he first turned his thoughts was that of a clergyman, and he pursued a course of study at Cambridge University with that end in view.

His appointment as naturalist to the scientific expedition in the ship "Beagle" on her voyage to South America in 1831, diverted his attention from the Church, and was the great turning point in his career. At this time he was a believer in the orthodox creeds. The history of his declension from the faith of the Church forms a brief but very interesting chapter in this work, and is given from his own letters and diary. It appears that he gave up his belief, slowly and unwillingly, but finally avowed himself an agnostic, though confessing that the idea of annihilation was intolerable to him. He rarely discussed this question, however, feeling that the whole subject was beyond the scope of man's intellect, and that every one must judge for himself between "conflicting vague possibilities." In one respect Darwin was very favorably situated, namely, in being possessed of an ample inherited income, which made it possible for him to pursue his favorite tasks without care about finances. He realized also a good profit from his books, part of which he expended in furthering public objects of a scientific character. Professor Huxley contributes an interesting chapter to the first volume, on Darwin's great book, "The Origin of Species," in which he refers to the complete change of view which has taken place in the scientific world with regard to the theory of evolution, and to the misconceptions regarding it which yet prevail in many quarters.

II.

DARWINISM AND ETHICS.

PROFESSOR SCHURMAN, of Cornell University, is the author of an interesting treatise on "Darwinism and Ethics,"* which discusses the scientific as opposed to the speculative method as applied to ethical problems. The prevalent idea of the book appears to us to be embodied in the following sentence, from the first chapter: "If ethics, instead of groping through the void, impalpable inane of fictitious pre-human morality, would in good earnest describe historic morality in all its fixed and changing characters, tracing the evolution of moral ideas and institutions from their earliest to their present form, then its scientific character, which is to-day a reproach, would be firmly established, and it could claim to be a science as unimpeachable as any other branch of history." And again: "Given the earliest morality of which we have any written record, to trace from it through progressive stages the morality of to-day: that is the problem, and the only problem, which can fall to a truly *scientific* ethics." The author draws a distinction between ethics as a science and a philosophy, and he deplores the unscientific character of the prevailing ethical systems, which he characterizes as speculative. It is just here that Darwinism seems to come in. Darwin, according to our author, is the father of evolutionary ethics, but his work is incomplete; first, because he uses the historical method in morals more as a means of confirming a

* "The Ethical Import of Darwinism." By Jacob Gould Schurman, Sage Professor of Philosophy in Cornell University. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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biological hypothesis than as an independent instrument of investigation, and secondly, because he does not keep it free from the spirit of speculative utilitarianism. Assuming the correctness of Darwin's scientific position, this treatise examines its bearing upon morals, distinguishing between fact and speculation in Darwin's own moral theory. Where Darwinism breaks down in its application of evolution to ethics is in the failure to account for the human conscience. He finds no conscience in the animal, and therefore the conscience of man cannot be a development from the conscience of the lower animal. Instead of resting here or groping for more facts he turns to speculation, and takes sociability on the one hand, which is common to man and beast, and on the other high intelligence, which is peculiar to man, and gets from the combination a primitive conscience. Professor Schurman entertains a great admiration for Darwin as a scientist, and shows a very close acquaintance with his system, but on this point he claims that Darwin is inconsistent with himself, though entitled to gratitude for directing attention to the great question of the evolution of morals as distinct from empirical morality. If ethics is ever to become a science in the true sense of the term, he thinks we must bring ourselves back to this point of departure, shun speculation, and follow the historical method. This, he argues, will in time bring us a rich harvest of facts, which will throw light on many vexed questions.

There is one point on which we cannot quite follow our author's reasoning. We do not see how all the facts in the world gleaned from an investigation of the history of morals can enlighten us as to the origin of the moral sense. A very interesting collection of facts may be tabled for the use of philosophers, but what has all that to do with the origin of the moral sense? If the moral sense is simply an evolution from a physical basis, there is a missing link in the Darwinian system, which our author very clearly points out, but we find no suggestion as to where this link is to be discovered, and no suggestion of an alternative. It may, for instance, be very interesting to learn, with our author, how certain remote savage tribes regarded the question of chastity, and to trace the growth of the law of moral purity as a personal obligation, but the question as to the nature and origin of our moral perceptions is not thereby settled. On the other hand, if we cannot settle this question in a scientific way, there remains the alternative of a creative fiat, but that would be breaking the chain of the evolution hypothesis. Unfortunately, the limits within which our inquiries as to the development of the moral sense in man can range are too restricted for either proving or disproving the Scriptural account by scientific observation. If primeval man was made "upright" and lapsed into barbarism and immorality, the condition in which the dawn of history finds the savage races would be only what might be expected; but all our researches cannot carry us over the prehistoric period to the birth of the moral sense in man. Until evolution can give us a scientific explanation of the existence of conscience, we cannot look to it as a guide in determining the graver questions of ethical science.

III.

BEGINNINGS OF THE STRIFE.

GENERAL CRAWFORD'S "Genesis of the Civil War"* is a work that must produce a deep impression upon American readers. It is in many respects the most important and interesting war book which has seen the light. Never before has there been an attempt to set forth the full history of those political events and discords

* "The Genesis of the Civil War. The Story of Sumter, 1860–1861." By Samuel Wylie Crawford, Brevet Major-General, U. S. A. Charles L. Webster & Co.

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which, like the mutterings and rumblings preceding an earthquake, agitated the country prior to the declaration of civil war. And yet without such a work one-half the significance of the struggle would be lost to succeeding generations. Happily, General Crawford has brought to this great task those qualifications which alone could insure its accomplishment, judicial calmness and impartiality, with a true historical instinct. It would have been easy to load down a work of this character with a prolixity of detail that would have successfully immured the main purpose of the author as a historian. That purpose, as stated in the preface, is not the "recital of the long train of predisposing causes," but rather those of "an immediate and exciting nature," which preceded the outbreak of hostilities. The history of political parties, the origin and progress of the anti-slavery agitation, the character and development of the "peculiar institutions," are questions which the author scarcely touches. He begins with the actual throes and agonies of the war-birth. Many of us will remember the protracted negotiations preceding the assault on Fort Sumter, and the oft repeated but vain prophecy that neither side meant serious business. In England this was at the time the general opinion. Nothing can be clearer in the light of this work than the determined attitude of South Carolina from the very first. The decision and boldness which guided the counsels of that State could only have been derived from the perfect unanimity of her people on the question of separation. This much has always been known, but the inner springs of action—the impulses which moved that Commonwealth, the skillful and daring diplomacy of her rulers which gave her for a time the seeming advantage—have never been so clearly set forth as in this volume. The same may be said as to the embarrassments of the Buchanan Administration. As the story unfolds itself we begin to understand how fearful was the responsibility which pressed upon the rulers of the nation at that period. With divided counsels the President had no easy task to see the straight line of duty. General Crawford's estimate of Mr. Buchanan is that he desired and strove to serve his country, but that he utterly misunderstood the real nature of the crisis. His policy was vacillating and timid from the very first. In his anxiety to maintain the peace he permitted himself to make personal guarantees which were eventually used against him, and when at length he came to see the necessity of stern and straightforward action, the great opportunity of his life-time had passed away. "When history," says our author, "shall come to pen the record of the close of his career, it will judge him not from what he did, but what from his great opportunities and grave responsibilities he utterly failed to do."

The greater part by far of this book is taken up with the story of Fort Sumter, for it was the fate of that fortress to be the hinge of the controversy immediately leading to the war. The whole force of the Carolinian sentiment, after her formal secession, was concentrated in the one determination to wrest that fort from the possession of the general government. When diplomacy failed force was resorted to, and thus was precipitated a conflict which could not at best have been far distant. Major Anderson has been fortunate in his historian, and in the light of these papers stands forth as a wise and resolute, while, at the same time, a humane and thoughtful commander. Sympathizing with Southern sentiment, he yet held firmly to his soldierly duty, and, availing himself of the full discretion accorded to him by the War Department to abandon the untenable position of Fort Moultrie for the apparently impregnable one of Sumter, he aroused against himself the bitterest antagonism of the South. The honor of South Carolina was pledged to the downfall of Sumter. As our author served as medical officer to Anderson's command, and was with him from first to last of the contest for the fort, he is able to give many interesting details which would otherwise have scarcely

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been recorded, and with the capture of that stronghold by the State his narrative ends, although he adds some particulars as to the after career of the little garrison and other matters pertinent to the subject. The book is well illustrated.

IV.

PRE-GLACIAL MAN.

UNDER a somewhat quaint title, too long to reprint in these pages,* Lorenzo Burge discusses the interesting question of the history of creation, and of man from the year 32,500 before Christ. The book is not strictly scientific, but the author claims that it is based on scientific data, such as geological discoveries, investigations of the glacial period, and the labors of such men as Adhémar, Layard, and Professors Smith, Sayce, and others. The Bible account of these matters he treats as allegorical, but accepts it fully in the light of his interpretations. The creative periods, or days, contained, in his opinion, hundreds of thousands of years each, and the "shorter periods of man thousands and tens of thousands of years." Adam is the generic name of a race, and there were several distinct races on the earth, of which the Adamic was the highest in intellect and power. Man, the animal, existed before Eden, and entered it as such, and Eden itself was a large portion of the continent of Asia in which the Aryan race found its first home. The temptation in Eden was simply the ardent desire of the race after spiritual knowledge, which opened their eyes to the degradation of a merely animal existence, however innocent, and led finally to the dispersion of the race in order that the new "evangel" might be proclaimed to all other races on the earth. The real "fall" took place, in the author's view, during the period preceding the Deluge, when the intellectual man, as represented in the Aryan race, fell so far beneath the animal as to be unworthy to live. A remnant of the race survived and have thus received another opportunity of doing what their ancestors neglected.

There is a great deal of ingenuity and an evident familiarity with scientific facts in this production, which combine to make it interesting. The author, while revering the Bible, cannot accept it in a literal sense, and gives many reasons why, though the majority of good church people will scarcely dare to accept his conclusions. He rejects the idea that all mankind sinned in Adam or in anybody else, and that the heathen are going down to endless destruction. Immortality, he believes, is a kind of evolution or advancement, but the germinal principle of it, which exists in every man, may be destroyed by sin, and then at the period of bodily dissolution the particular man ceases to be. A bad man is the only kind of a devil the author believes in, and all men can obtain immortal life by deserving it.

Such books at these will scarcely disturb the settled beliefs of the masses, but they will be read by the curious and exercise a certain influence on the future developments of creed. Many people doubtless see no escape from the alternative of accepting the literal statements of the Bible and rejecting it as the Word of God, but there is an increasing tendency to search for some other method of silencing objections than that of the pious negro mammy who declared that she would be perfectly willing even to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale if the Bible said so. The author cannot understand how any vessel like Noah's ark could possibly have held pairs and sevens of all the creatures on earth, with food for a year, and how the family of Noah could have attended to them; but once admit the supernatural and all difficulties vanish before credulity. The author accepts the fact of a limited deluge as sufficiently authenticated, and on this point is in line with modern orthodoxy, and he believes that to the great Aryan race is intrusted the great responsibility of communicating the gospel to all mankind.

* "Pre-Glacial Man. The Aryan Race." By Lorenzo Burge. Lee and Shepard.

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V.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND HISTORY.

DR. ROEMER, in his elaborate and well-conceived plan of presenting a correct view of the origin and development of the English people and language,* starts out upon the theory that these two things must necessarily be closely related. In tracing the language to its sources, he finds it indispensable to pursue a critical inquiry into the origin, character, and distribution of the various races who at various epochs have found their way into the British islands. In presenting the results of these inquiries, he has availed himself of the labors of many scholars who have gone before him in different departments of this general field, so that this work in one sense is largely a digest of the substance of numerous works constituting a considerable library and not always easy of access. As a patient collector of facts, which he has also skillfully and consecutively arrayed, the author has rendered an important service to the world of letters, and a study of his book will give any one a very complete equipment of knowledge on this special topic.

Beginning with the prehistoric period, and the etymology of "Britannia," the author rapidly advances to the period of the Roman invasion, giving a sketch of the races and tribes then inhabiting the country. He thinks it highly probable that the Welsh and Irish were originally one and the same people, and that the difference in language is to be accounted for by their having been divided by the sea and brought into contact with other peoples. The effect of the four hundred years of Roman occupation was, of course, most marked, but he doubts whether any Latin word in modern English is traceable to that period. In this connection we would recall an incident in the travels of the present writer in the middle western district of England, where, in the county of Shropshire, he came across the word "puning," which was used by the peasantry in the sense of striking or knocking—"Who is that *puning* at the door?" This word is not in the dictionaries, but its Roman derivation is obvious, and its use in that part of the country seemed to be quite common. The author similarly traces the Cambriam *ather* from *aer*, air; *capat* from *caput*, head; *carn* from *caro*, flesh, etc.

The various tribes which in the fifth and sixth centuries took part in the Anglo-Saxon conquest spoke virtually the same language, but broken up into a great variety of dialects. Connected with these were the Teutonic and the Scandinavian, and all have left their impress on the language. The earliest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon language date from the end of the seventh century, and, as our author states, belong to the Anglian dialect. One of the most interesting of the existing fragments of this literature consists of the verses said to have been uttered by the venerable Bede on his deathbed to his pupil Cuthbert, of which we give both the original and the translation:

Fore the neidfæræ	Before the unavoidable journey
nenig uuiurthit	no one is
thonc snotturra	wiser of thought
than him tharf sie,	than he hath need,
to ymbhycgannæ	to consider
æer his hiniongæ,	before his departure,
huat his gastæ	what for his spirit
godues æththe yflæs	of good or evil
æfter deoth-dæge	after the death-day
dœmid uuieorthæ.	shall be doomed.

The troublous times of the Danish invasions made a marked impression upon

* "Origins of the English People and of the English Language." Compiled from the best and latest authorities. By Jean Roemer, LL. D. D. Appleton & Co.

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the English tongue, and to this day the popular language in the Northeastern shires would be intelligible to a Dane or a Norwegian were it not for the intermixture of Norman words and idioms. From this time onward great local diversities of dialect appear. To the Danes must also be attributed the wanton destruction of monasteries and schools, containing many libraries of the vernacular. At this point the author furnishes many interesting particulars of the meaning of geographical and proper names which have clung to the soil and remain to this day. Sometimes the spelling of these words has been modernized, but the pronunciation remains the same; thus Seaford, in Sussex, is pronounced by its inhabitants Seavoort. The suffix *ford* is sometimes Anglo-Saxon, and then means a passage across a river; sometimes it is Norwegian, and then means an arm of the sea. This distinction, resulting from derivation, applies to many words. The terminations thwaite, holm, by, ham, ness, ton, worth, burg, hurst, field, combe, meer, ing, etc., are satisfactorily accounted for in a manner that will interest many readers.

The Norman conquest comes in for a large share of notice, as a matter of course, and here the book grows intensely readable and instructive. The character of the Normans and the circumstances which led up to the invasion by William, with a true story of that invasion and its influence upon the people and language, are skillfully set forth. It will not flatter the pride of the Norman aristocracy to be reminded that their progenitors in Normandy were in very many instances peasants and herdsmen. William made a clean sweep of the country, turning out the Saxon gentry and distributing their lands among his followers of every grade. There was terrible want and suffering where there had formerly been ease and abundance, and it was a common thing for Saxons of illustrious rank to sell themselves into slavery for food. But at this point we must leave this interesting book. The author continues his inquiries into the linguistic changes accomplished by this fusion of races, and the gradual consolidation, so to speak, of the English language, giving also in an appendix a valuable contribution as to the French sources of modern English, including a historical sketch of the French language, its etymology, and specimens of early French.

It will thus be seen that the work covers a very wide field. It can hardly be expected but that here and there an erroneous view may be propounded, but in a cursory examination we have not lighted upon any points calling for serious criticism. The author, by the care and fidelity of his researches and digests, has, in fact, produced a standard work which will doubtless find its way as such into the seminaries of learning on both sides of the Atlantic.

VI.

NEW WORK ON CHURCH HISTORY.

THE various standard histories of the Christian Church have not so thoroughly covered the field or met the needs of the public as to make it necessary to apologize for writing another book on that subject; and to many people the plan formed by Dr. Fisher* of condensing the most important facts into the compass of a single volume will be peculiarly acceptable. The author has two objects specially in view in this work—to exhibit the relations of the Church throughout its progress to secular history, and to present a survey of the history of Christian doctrine. We infer from the preface that the book has grown up from the basis of academic lectures delivered at Yale in the ordinary university course. It is

* "History of the Christian Church." By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL D., Titus Street Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. With maps. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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written in a compact, lucid style, and will be peculiarly serviceable to those who desire to post themselves in the main points of particular episodes and periods without wading through lengthened details. The chapters and paragraphs are so arranged as to show the subject matter at a glance, and the eye and memory are further assisted by systematic side notes. There are no foot-notes or references whatever to distract the attention from the text. In these respects the plan of the author has been carried out very successfully, and although the advanced scholar may regret that some important matters are disposed of quite summarily, he must recollect that the attempt to do full justice to every one of the vast multitude of topics ranging themselves under the comprehensive title of the work would have extended it to several volumes.

The contents are arranged under three great divisions—the ancient, the mediæval, and the modern eras. The first embraces four distinct periods—the Apostolic, thence to Constantine, thence to Gregory I., thence to Charlemagne. The second includes three distinct periods and brings us down to the Reformation. The third deals with the Reformation and carries us through the various phases of Church life to our own day. A considerable space is devoted to Christian missions, and also to the present doctrinal divisions of Christendom.

VII.

DANTON IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE average American reader cares about as much for a study of Danton* as he would for a eulogy of the Man in the Moon; but fortunately Mr. Gronlund has not confined himself to Danton's biography. He has attempted to deduce from the French Revolution teachings that may be of use to us in the United States to-day. The book is well written and very readable, and the author stands far above most of the economic writers of the present day in the sobriety of his diction and the fidelity of his historical statements.

When Mr. Gronlund deals with the French character and French theories of government, his propositions are generally sound; but when he treats of our American Revolution he fails to grasp the full and true import of that event—both in the causes which led to its outbreak and the ideas which influenced the American people at that time. He ignores also the propulsion which our success gave to the outbreaking of the French Revolution, and he is blind to the total inability of the French people to comprehend the properties and principles underlying our system of government.

The awful atrocities of the French Revolution all civilized peoples must ever regard with horror, yet they were the natural and inevitable results following the absence of checks and balances in the French Revolutionary system, where a law was proposed, and adopted, and executed in the space of a few minutes. No time was given there for sober second thought—no supervising second or third power was asked to approve or disapprove. The heat of passion, the hysteria of fear, the delirium of enthusiasm, were the influences among which laws were made and deeds done at which the world still shudders. Mr. Gronlund shows clearly these defects in the political system of the French Revolution, but he does not seem to appreciate the causes from which they resulted, nor to clearly comprehend that very similar results might follow in the United States if our system of checks and balances was once broken down.

It is the fashion nowadays to eulogize earnestness, and Mr. Gronlund is not

* "Ça Ira! or Danton in the French Revolution. A Study." By Lawrence Gronlund.

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behind the age in this respect—but our insane asylums are crowded with intensely earnest people. Danton and his associates were earnest—but so were the Chicago Anarchists. In fact, earnestness, if not linked with soberness of thought, word, and deed, is little better than insanity; and there are scenes in the history of Danton's time that are the very insanity of earnestness. It is a very fortunate trait in the Anglo-Saxon character to admire pluck, enterprise, and energy, but to distrust earnestness run wild into enthusiasm.

It is the fashion also to leave out of consideration the deep religious sentiments which prevailed at the time of our revolution; yet all history teaches that the religious idea—no matter whether Christian or Pagan, so long as it be live—is one of the strongest binding social forces in existence. Yet Mr. Gronlund leaves entirely out of consideration the religious factor of the French Revolution. The word does not even occur in the excellent index that completes his book; it is as absent from the book as the thing was from the French Revolutionists.

Yet, notwithstanding this fault-finding, we think "Ça Ira" to be a book well worth a perusal. The French Revolution has been so often presented to us in a series of kaleidoscopic pictures that it is both interesting and instructive to meet a philosophic study of it; and the style of composition and method of arrangement make Mr. Gronlund's book very readable.

VIII.

A VOYAGE TO THE CARIBBEES.

MR. PATON tells the story of his five or six weeks' voyage among the Caribbean islands very pleasantly,* and contrives to weave in with his graphic, descriptive sketches many facts concerning the history, population, trade, and social condition of the places he visited in the course of his tour in this interesting region. The book is therefore not only interesting but valuable. Part of it is a reprint of letters furnished to a New York daily newspaper, but a large portion of it is here published for the first time, and this latter portion, it is fair to presume, is mainly due to enlargements and additions made after a careful study of historical and official records. The voyage was made in a trading steamship, the "Barraconta," carrying also a few passengers, and making many stoppages at different ports, discharging and receiving cargo. A few days at most, and often but a few hours, could be given to each island visited, but these were used to the best advantage, and the result is exceedingly creditable to the author's powers of observation and rapid generalization. For any one proposing to make a trip to the region in question, or to any portion of it, whether for health, pleasure, or business, the book will prove a welcome and useful companion and guide. One of the strongest impressions produced on the author by this tour was the gradual disappearance of white people and their descendants from these tropical lands and the rapid increase of the blacks and Hindoo coolies. "In the future, it may be in the near future,—certainly at some time more or less remote,—the Africans, who were brought unwilling captives into this land of bondage, and the Hindoos, who owe their exportation from the land of their fathers to the imagined necessity for cheaper instead of more intelligent labor, will find themselves left in possession of regions no longer profitably to be cultivated." Mr. Paton thinks that this subject may well engage the attention of ethnologists and statesmen, and he points signifi-

*"Down the Islands; A Voyage to the Caribbees." By William Agnew Paton. With illustrations from drawings by M. J. Burns. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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cantly to Hayti as a warning. The hope of the future lies in two directions: the turning again of the tide of white immigration and occupation toward these islands and the elevation of the black races.

IX.

GLIMPSE AT A NEIGHBORING REPUBLIC.

THE region in which the civilization of our country had its beginnings should be a point of especial interest to Americans. We travel North, South, East, and West, and send explorers to Arctic colds and Afric heats, while down at our feet, securely hemmed in by the Caribbean Sea and the calm Pacific, nestles a little country, seldom visited or written about by our countrymen, as rich in natural wealth and beauty as any on the earth's surface. In the list of over two hundred books or publications used for reference by the author of this charming new work on Guatemala,* by far the larger part are written in the Spanish language, and, with few exceptions, are not of recent date. Various enterprises have, of late, awakened interest in this hitherto strange country, and we know of no publication so accurate, comprehensive, and available for the expectant traveler, or so full of interest to the lover of books of travels, as this now before us, and we promise the reader that he will not find a dull page from preface to appendix.

The opening chapters briefly indicate the extent, geographical features, geological formation, agricultural and mineral wealth, government, and educational interests of the five independent republics which constitute Central America, formerly known as Guatemala. These States cover an area of about one hundred and seventy thousand square miles, and have a population of two and a half millions. Gold, silver, copper, iron, and lead are found, and in some portions of the country are very abundant. The climate is generally healthful, though warm. "We often hear of the extreme unhealthfulness of the tropics; but is it generally known that more persons die of consumption in Massachusetts than of the most dreaded diseases in Central America? The last time an official census was taken, Livingstone had a population of one thousand in round numbers, and the deaths of the year numbered seven,—one a centenarian, and two youths who fell from cocoanut trees and broke their necks; while in Boston the rate for July, 1885, was 28.1 per thousand."

In somewhat irregular and unsystematic fashion, but in the vivid, entertaining style which characterizes Stanley and Rider Haggard, Mr. Brigham takes his readers on a journey through the little republic of Guatemala proper, from the free port of Livingstone on the Atlantic coast, to Guatemala, the capital city, thence by southerly course to Azacualpa, thence northerly through the mountains to Esquipulas, Quirigua, and back home again to Livingstone.

Of the rich soil of Livingstone, he tells us that no plow is needed to prepare it for sowing, and corn planted on Thursday has attained a growth of four inches by the Monday following. Crops often mature in ninety days, and three crops are often harvested in a year. Bananas and plantains, rice and sugar cane, grow abundantly, the latter yielding three tons of sugar per acre for twenty years without replanting. The farmer clears the land of forest in January and February; burns the felled trees in May, and in June his land is ready for planting. Livingstone is but eight days from New York, four from New Orleans, and one from Belize. Yet "the Northern farmer wears out his life in the consumptive fields of New England, where his crops grow only four months of the year, instead of settling here, where he can plant any day of the year, and reap a rich harvest in due

* "Guatemala, the Land of the Quetzal." A Sketch, by William T. Brigham. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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season. He sometimes goes to Florida, which is neither tropical nor temperate, which is nothing but a raised coral reef with a veneering of soil, and where frosts cut off his crops every few years."

According to these legends, the dynasty of the Votanides and the empire of Xibalban were founded by Votan, who came to the country at a very early period and civilized the savages whom he found inhabiting the country. There are some interesting ruins attributed to this period which exhibit a remarkable development in architecture and sculpture. Nahoas, a leader from the North, founded a city not far from Palenque, called Tula, whence the name Tultecas, which is often applied to this people. Successive conquests and immigrations ended in the establishment of the Quiché power, which at one time extended from Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, and eastward to the Lago de Izabal. As near as can be estimated, the Quichés were reigning in the fifth and sixth centuries of our era. Palaces, altars and lofty watch towers of cut stone were erected at their capital, Utatlan, near the modern city of Santa Cruz del Quiché, and the people reached a state of civilization far beyond that of the present day. From the "Popul Vuh," the sacred book of the Quichés, an elaborate and fanciful account of the creation of man and the origin of the world is obtained, together with many hints as to the condition and religious belief of these early inhabitants of Guatemala. Passing by the intervening centuries of unimportant events, the election of General Barrios to the Presidency, in 1871, was the beginning of an era of progress in the republic. The adoption of a Constitution, the expulsion of the Jesuits, the confiscation of church property, and its use for government and educational purposes, were some of the measures by which General Barrios greatly increased the prosperity of his State.

The legislative power of Guatemala is vested in the Asamblea Nacional, which is composed of deputies chosen from the people, at the rate of one for each twenty thousand inhabitants, the term of office being four years. The President is elected by popular vote and serves six years. Religion does not flourish in this republic. Unfaithful priests have, for centuries, brought reproach on the Roman Catholic Church, and although full liberty of worship is allowed by the government, but one Protestant church is supported in the State. The military organization is strong and the standing army numbered 2,500, rank and file, in 1883, while the militia included 50,000, and one-sixth of the income of the State was required to support it.

Education was made compulsory by President Barrios, and all the ordinary elementary branches are taught gratuitously in the primary schools. There were 850 primary schools in the republic in 1885, with an attendance of 39,642 and 1,000 teachers.

Schools are often held in old convents or other confiscated church buildings. Teachers are appointed by government. Teachers' Institutes are regularly held, and the schools are visited and examined with care by intelligent men appointed for that purpose. High schools and academies supply the higher education to those who desire it, and Mr. Brigham finds that the work of the pupils in this department compares very favorably, in many respects, with that of the Boston Latin School. There are chemical and physical laboratories, zoological museums, and other aids of a well ordered school of the higher grade. Medicine and pharmacy, engineering, philosophy, and literature are also taught in government schools, and at the Capital, music and oratory, commerce and design, may be studied. There is a school for deaf mutes, and a polytechnic school, the latter under the supervision of the Minister of War. Several newspapers are published and there are small libraries.

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Among the larger exports of Guatemala may be noticed sugar, bananas, coffee, cochineal, india rubber, and timber. Of the possible exports, Mr. Brigham says: "All our sugar, all our coffee, all our rice, all our chocolate, all our india rubber ought to come from Central America, where these products can be raised better and cheaper than in any other country; and, next to these staples, the subsidiary fruits, as oranges, plantains, bananas, pines, limes, granadillas, aguacates, and dozens of others now unknown to commerce, ought to come to us from Limon, Puerto Cortes, and Livingstone." Lack of private enterprise and capital prevent this people from advancing to their rightful place among the commercial nations of the world.

It should be added, that a large number of photographs which Mr. Brigham took in these interesting regions increase the interest of the reader, although they have lost much in the process of reproduction.

X.

NOTES OF A HALF CENTURY.

THERE is a peculiar attractiveness in books which give the personal recollections of wise and observant men, and in the Life Notes* of the Reverend Dr. Wm. Hague there is the additional interest attaching to the last written work of a long and useful life. In a prefatory note the publishers state that two days after sending the last corrected proof pages of this work the author was stricken with apoplexy while on his way through the streets of Boston to his publishers, and died in the entrance to Tremont Temple, near the place where much of his life work was done. Dr. Hague was in many respects a typical and representative American. Of mingled Huguenot and British ancestry, his earliest recollections are of Pelham and New Rochelle, in Westchester County, New York, of which charming suburbs some interesting historical particulars are given. The "Life Notes" go back nearly eighty years, for the doctor was born in 1808, and he remembered well the death of his grandfather in 1811. They relate chiefly to ecclesiastical movements, and are also in great part autobiographical. Dr. Hague was brought up in the Episcopal Church, but became a Baptist from conviction. One of his relatives entered the Catholic Church and became Archbishop of Baltimore. The two divines had an opportunity of comparing notes as to their respective divergences from the old Protestant Episcopal standpoint. Each agreed that the logic of the other was convincing, the only difference being that our author starts with the premise that the Bible alone is the rule of faith and practice, while the Archbishop's major premise is that Church authority is the supreme rule. Both agreed that between these two positions there is no solid ground for effective Christian argument to rest upon. The doctor has much to say of Emerson, Theodore Parker, and other eminent contemporaries. He once cornered Emerson by the question, why he did not say outright that Christ was a charlatan for proclaiming his divinity if he simply regarded him as a human teacher. Unfortunately he never received an answer to this question. "With a quietly musing, meditative air, Mr. Emerson seemed for a moment to be extemporizing an answer, when a group of friends, students, and others, came pressing forward with their personal greetings, so that the opportunity for further talk in this direction was suddenly ended." Emerson's great failure lay, our author considers, in the impossible task of combining his Oriental mysticism with the shrewd common-sense of practical life. The American, he argues, will live out his supreme ideas. If he abandons the idea of

* "Life Notes, or Fifty Years' Outlook." By William Hague, D.D. Lee & Shepard.

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a personal God he abandons religion, utterly repelling the mystic's thought of an ecstatic worship "without ideas." Or, if he becomes an emotional Nature worshiper, he will drift to the extreme of naturalistic spontaneity, and ignore the idea of sin as a fossil conventionalism.

Of the many thrilling and momentous public questions which have arrested public attention during the half century especially under review, the author has many things to say. He occupied several influential pulpits during that period, and took a leading part in many of the controversies of his time. His notes are shrewd and thoughtful, showing an observant and withal kindly nature, and a broad and catholic way of looking at things bespeaking cultivation and insight.

XI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WIFELY tribute to the memory of General Hancock* has lately been written by Mrs. Hancock. It contains interesting but not elaborate biographical facts and incidents, with various letters and addresses eulogistic of the late general by a large number of his friends and associates. The work is also illustrated with portraits and sketches, among the latter being the birthplace of Hancock and the scene of his earliest school days. The book will be prized by the many friends and admirers of the general, to whom it is inscribed, and amongst whom must be included his comrades in arms. It is the story of a brave, patriotic, and accomplished soldier who deserved well of his country and bore the modest rewards and honors he received with wonderful grace and dignity. While the book shows in every line a wife's love and devotion, it is free from mere eulogy, and does great credit to the literary skill and tact of the author.

We submitted "Mrs. Shillaber's Cook Book"† to the judgment of a lady superintending a household of more than average size, and after careful examination and experiment the verdict was decidedly favorable. She pronounces it excellent and essentially practical from every domestic standpoint, economy included. Besides cookery, the book touches upon housekeeping duties in general, including the care of the sick, servants, and "things handy to have in the house." With great sense the author observes: "There is a limit to the labor that can be accomplished by one pair of hands; therefore resolve that the non-essentials only shall be neglected. The daily comfort of the family and the mental and moral training of the children are of more importance than frosted fruit cake." After such a sentence as this one feels like accepting the author's conclusions as to the best way of making food palatable and nourishing as well as attractive and delicious.

The idea of arranging books under classified headings for reference and selection‡ is a good one, but is open to the serious objection that such a list must always be behind the times. No sooner does it see the light than its omissions are manifest, owing to the rapid appearance of new works. It is questionable whether the public feels enough interest in such a list to sustain an annual publication of the kind. This list seems to have been made with care and diligence, but it goes back only five years, and therefore omits many of the most important works on the different topics. It is, however, undoubtedly a very useful handbook.

* "Reminiscences of Winfield Scott Hancock." By his wife. Charles L. Webster & Co.

† "Mrs. Shillaber's Cook Book. A Practical Guide to Housekeepers." By Lydia Shillaber. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

‡ "The Best Reading." Third series. A priced and classified bibliography for the five years ending December 1st, 1886. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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The latest addition to Mr. Rolfe's valuable series of annotated English classics is a volume of Browning's dramas* which includes "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon," "Colombe's Birthday," and "A Soul's Tragedy," and is edited by Mr. Rolfe and Miss Heloise Hersey. The first quarter of the book is devoted to selected criticisms, some of which appeared in the leading magazines when the dramas were first published, forty years ago, and were written by James Russell Lowell, Richard Henry Dana, Rev. John Weiss, and others. Copious extracts are made from Arthur Symons's Introduction to the Study of Browning. Of the explanatory notes, it may be said that their quality would have been greatly improved had the editors incorporated with them some of the good points contained in the introductory selections. Although helpful in the main, they do not always elucidate the text, and are often trivial and unnecessary.

It is not easy for Americans to connect the idea of children's sermons with the grandeur and magnificent gloom of Westminster Abbey. Yet from his desk in this famous place Dean Stanley was wont to address himself to the little ones† in very simple and tender fashion, with frequent reference to the knightly children of the olden time, sleeping so quietly near by. A small volume of these sermons has been collected, and consists, for the most part, of those delivered on Innocents' Day in successive years, but also includes a short series of four sermons on the Beatitudes and one on the Faithful Servant. The style is clear, direct, and forcible, yet so simple is the language in which the beautiful thoughts are couched that a very small child may easily comprehend it.

Nine lectures delivered, by Dr. Fairbairn, to classes in moral philosophy (presumably at St. Stephen's College) form a book‡ which may be read with pleasure and profit by that large class of readers who peruse works on theology and metaphysics. The task which Dr. Fairbairn set himself to accomplish was to show how the moral life cannot be cultivated without redemption and grace, and how redemption and grace cannot avail without morality. There are many who will not agree with the premises upon which Dr. Fairbairn bases his arguments, but all must admit the charm of style, the clear logic, and the deep learning with which he elucidates his subject. The value of the book is enhanced by an excellent index.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co.

Origin of the English People and of the English Language. Jean Roemer, LL.D

Wealth and Progress. A Critical Examination of the Labor Problem. George Gunton.

Andy Merrigan's Great Discovery; and other Irish Tales. F. M. Allen.

The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin; Including an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. 2 vols.

Harper and Brothers.

A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. Henry Charles Lea. 3 vols. Vol. I.

Modern Ships of War. Sir Edward J. Reed, late Chief Constructor of the British

* "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon and Other Dramas." By Robert Browning. Edited, with notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M., and Heloise E. Hersey. Harper & Brothers.

† "Sermons for Children, Preached in Westminster Abbey. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, late Dean of Westminster. Charles Scribner's Sons

‡ "Morality." By Robert B. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D. Warden of St. Stephen's College. Thomas Whittaker.

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Navy, and Edward Simpson, Rear Admiral U. S. N., with supplementary chapter and notes by Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N. Illustrated.

My Autobiography and Reminiscences. W. D. Fiske, R. A.

April Hopes. W. D. Howells.

Ticknor & Co.

Sobriquets and Nicknames. Albert R. Frey.

Worthington Co.

Life of Washington. Illustrated. Virginia F. Townsend.

Locrine : A Tragedy. Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Down the Islands : A Voyage to the Caribbees. William Agnew Paton. With illustrations from drawings by M. J. Burns.

Free Joe, and other Georgian Sketches. Joel Chandler Harris.

Memories and Portraits. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Virginibus Puerisque ; and other Papers. Robert Louis Stevenson.

B. I. Durward.

Cristofero Colombo (Part first). The Gloomy Ocean-Sea (Part second). San Salvador (Part third).

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798. Ethelbert Dudley Warfield.

The Best Reading. Third Series. Lynds E. Jones.

The Old South and the New. A Series of Letters. Hon. William D. Kelley.

Slav or Saxon. A study of the growth and tendencies of Russian civilization. William D. Foulke, A. M.

Lee and Shepard.

The Art of Projecting. A Manual of Experimentation in Physics, Chemistry and Natural History, with the Porte Lumiere and Magic Lantern. Prof. A. E. Dolbear.

Only a Year, and What it Brought. Jane Andrews.

Poems. David Atwood Wasson.

Baker's Humorous Speaker. George M. Baker.

Vocal and Action Language. Culture and Expression. E. N. Kirby.

The Fortunes of the Faradays. Amanda M. Douglas.

Meadow Melodies. Charles F. Gerry.

The Bridal of Triermain, by Sir Walter Scott. Fourteen illustrations. Piercy Macquoid, R. I.

S. R. Griggs & Co.

Hegel's Philosophy of the State and of History. An Exposition. George S. Morris, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan.

Charles H. Kerr & Co.

Progress from Poverty. Review and Criticism of Henry George. Giles B. Stebbins.

A. C. McClurg & Co.

Higher Ground. Hints towards Settling the Labor Troubles. Augustus Jacobson.

Richard the Third and the Primrose Criticism.

Legget Brothers.

Whatever is, Was. Geo. A. Young.

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